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The Week

AS BUSINESS and government feel their way haltingly toward coöperative action against the depression, victims of the disaster are swinging into direct action. The astonishment that there were not more strikes, riots or protests of other sorts, expressed generally for the past two years, may now be reversed. The Bonus Army demonstration in Washington has proved to be the beginning of a series of sporadic disorders, including the farmers' strike in Iowa and the marches of thousands of coal miners in Illinois—with the usual accompaniment of machine-guns, tear gas, clubs, rocks and fists. There is an element on the edges of all these disturbances concerning which we shall hear more as time goes on—a large body of unemployed drifters, for the most part not only without jobs but without homes or family connections, many of them young men and boys. This uprooted class, having nothing to lose, and ready for any excitement or any chance to grab a bit of bread or an old coat, is the natural outcome of our haphazard way of dealing with unemployment, our lack of labor exchanges and job insurance. It is

good material for Communists or Khaki Shirts—especially for the latter. Nevertheless we must remember that the protest demonstrations are not, for the most part, organized about revolutionary ideas. The word "revolution" is heard, but the participants are not conscious or professional revolutionists; their leadership is scattering, their objectives limited and uncertain. The herd is "milling around," but a stampede is not yet in view.

THE farmers' holiday continues to spread and to supply serious incidents. Though it has resulted in no price increases except in milk, and has not done a great deal even to interrupt the shipment of supplies except at smaller cities—since railroad trains carrying crops from regions outside the strike zone cannot be stopped without more violence than the pickets have cared to use—it has dramatized the farmers' plight as all the political action of the past decade has failed to do. The public is used to strikes by labor, but when Iowa farmers go on the rampage it is a case of the man biting the dog. Those who seek to discredit the movement are, of course, trying to make it appear that it is carried on, not by bona-fide farmers, but by agitators and floaters. Doubtless some crisis of rash or violent action will be employed, consciously or unconsciously, to mobilize public opinion against it—and especially the opinion of those farmers' not involved. For a real mass movement of real farmers in the United States could, in an election year, literally get away with murder. The direct effect of the strike cannot remedy the farmers' grievances, but its indirect effect may be momentous.

MAD speculation has seized the commodity markets and has temporarily driven prices far above the levels justified by any predictable relationship of demand and supply in the actual production and consumption of goods. The Department of Agriculture has recently pointed out that we still have a huge carryover of wheat, that this year's crop in the exporting countries is likely to be about as large as usual, and that the purchasing power of the importing countries is less even than last year. Though the cotton crop is short, we have a carryover equivalent to about a year's supply. Some of this, of course, is being held to

1933 with the aid of loans from the R.F.C. But if prices rise appreciably this year, cotton growers will use more fertilizer and produce a bigger crop next time. Rubber production is capable of being expanded as long as prices rise, and rubber output is not under control. We are now beginning to repeat, so far on a relatively small scale, the very follies which led us to 1929. If the present speculative enthusiasm lasts until November it will doubtless have accomplished the purpose for which it is being stimulated by press and administration. After Hoover's reelection, in that case, he may have another depression on his hands, so that the public may sympathize with his misfortune, approve of his heroism in fighting it, and elect another Republican and a third depression in 1936.

WITH his announcement of a one-year plan for the rehabilitation of German industry, by means of which he hopes to send more than 1,500,000 unemployed back to work, Chancellor von Papen, at a meeting of landowners at Münster last Sunday, presented a solution for the present crisis that is as fantastic as it is novel. He proposed that a total of 2,000,000 marks be placed at the disposal of industry, part of which is to be used for the payment of subsidies to employers providing new jobs—so much per new job. These credits are not to be advanced by the government, which is in no position to finance so ambitious a scheme. They will be paid in the form of tax-receipt certificates which the government promises to redeem during the five-year period 1934-1938. It is hoped that the German banks will accept these certificates as collateral for loans. The government bases this daring step on the conviction that the bottom of the depression has been reached and the natural increase of business volume and the resulting tax payments will enable it to meet the new obligations. Ingenious as this plan may be, it is built on dynamite, for it provides for a reduction of wages. While it recognizes in principle existing wage and arbitration agreements, it decrees that they be set aside where hard-pressed concerns are being forced to the wall. This opens the way for indiscriminate wage reductions. Indeed, the plan also provides, as a special inducement to employers, for wholesale wage reductions in proportion to the number of new men added to the pay roll. The Allgemeine Deutsche Gewerkschaftsbund has already protested to President von Hindenburg against the plan. It is a continuation of the policy of deflation, of international competition in wage reduction, which leads nowhere except to the limitation of markets.

ORIGINALLY the Papen-Schleicher government had considered a compulsory loan to be drafted from Germany's big industries to raise the funds needed for its so-called relief program. But Dr. Luther, president of the German Reichsbank, generally recognized to be the spokesman of the

heavy industries, protested so vigorously against this "violation of property rights" that the scheme was abandoned. Important industrialist newspapers suggested open resistance on the part of big capital. The Chancellor's hope that the National Socialists would support a program the general lines of which are in accord with Fascist ideology, received an immediate setback when Hitler's *Voelkische Beobachter* announced determined opposition to this "unreal and quixotic program," citing the proposed wage reductions as one of the main reasons for its attitude. This reflects the rumors current in well informed political circles of serious differences within the Nazis. Articles published by Count Reventlow, a Nazi member of the German Reichstag, in his *Der Reichswart*, demanded the nationalization of the big banks and heavy industries. This found an approving echo in Hitlerite circles. The Executive Committee of the party, however, insisted that the Count publicly state that these articles were a mere expression of private opinion and did not reflect party views. This Reventlow refused to do. Instead he laid his proposal before a group meeting of his Reichstag colleagues where, it is said, more than one hundred deputies voted in its favor.

THE internal dissension in his ranks may explain the persistent efforts of Adolf Hitler to come to terms with von Papen and von Schleicher. The National Socialist leadership has apparently reached an accord with the Centrist party that would give such a coalition, with the probable support of the Hugenberg Nationalists, a reliable majority. The only stumbling block in the way of this program is the determination of von Papen, von Schleicher and von Gayl to remain in power and to win the support of the old Field Marshal for the immediate dissolution of the Reichstag. With his latest pronunciamento, von Papen, notwithstanding his protestations of faith to the Weimar Constitution, openly proclaims his conversion to dictatorship under the guise of hostility to party government. The continuation of the present ministry, in the face of determined opposition of every one of the large parties, must aggravate political chaos and may lead to civil war.

LAST spring The New Republic published in its series of dollar books, "Bonds without Safety." This is a careful study of abuses which have occurred in the issue of real-estate bonds and in the handling of subsequent defaults. A reader of this book, Miss Margaretta Lauman, of Pittsburgh, wrote S. W. Straus and Company on August 8, citing the book as authority. She received on August 15 a reply from this house, which stated in part, "We beg to advise that after pointing out the inaccuracies and falsities of this volume, the publishers immediately withdrew it from circulation." (We assume, in spite of his bad grammar,

that the author of the letter intended to say that S. W. Straus and Company had pointed out the "inaccuracies and falsities.") Another letter from S. W. Straus and Company to Miss Lauman on August 19 repeated the charge, saying, "It is sufficient to state that on a letter showing all these obvious untruths the publishers withdrew it." There is not a shadow of truth in the statement that "Bonds without Safety" has been withdrawn from publication. Nor is it true that the publishers of the book, after consideration of charges of inaccuracy, found the charges just, or considered for a moment withdrawing the book. We have no means of knowing how wide a currency the false statement of S. W. Straus and Company concerning the book may have gained, but if any reader of this paragraph encounters it, he will perform a public service by denying it categorically. A letter from S. W. Straus and Company to Miss Lauman on August 25, referring to the previous statement that the book had been withdrawn, says, "We regret this error, which was caused by the rush of correspondence during the last two weeks."

IN HIS speech at Columbus on August 20, Governor Roosevelt said:

... government can prevent the fooling of sensible people through misstatements and through the withholding of information on the part of private organizations, great and small, which seek to sell investments to the people of the nation.

Three days later the New York State Attorney General obtained an order in the Brooklyn Supreme Court requiring S. W. Straus and Company, Inc., to show cause why a receiver for the corporation should not be appointed and why a temporary injunction should not be issued restraining it from the sale of securities except under certain restrictions. The Deputy Attorney General in charge of the case estimates that out of more than a billion dollars' worth of real-estate bonds marketed by the corporation, over \$300,000,000 are now in default. His affidavit stresses a number of practices of the company from which this loss may have resulted, including the sale of "general" mortgage bonds representing second, third or fourth mortgages which unsuspecting investors mistook for first-mortgage bonds, and the sale of bonds against properties which were in default on taxes and interest, and for which amortization of principal had not been provided. The company has issued an indignant denial in which it asserts that it has always conducted its business on the highest ethical lines.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT'S speech on the prohibition issue at Sea Girt is as felicitous as his Columbus speech on economic policy. He states well the case against the Eighteenth Amendment and national prohibition; he beautifully exposes, with his Delphic-oracle simile, the cloudy and ambiguous words of the Republican platform and the

Republican leaders on the subject; he shows unmistakably that President Hoover uttered a falsehood in charging that the Democrats propose to do away with federal control entirely and permit the return of the saloon; he properly ridicules a party which carries water on one shoulder and rum on the other by the combination of a Wettish presidential candidate with a Dryish vice-presidential candidate. The moral which he draws from all this is larger than the issue itself—the need of the country for direct, clear policy and for confidence in the honesty of its leadership. This is a sample of what a candidate can do when his party takes a definite stand on an important issue and risks its fortunes on promoting it. We wish there were some other plank in the Democratic platform which would give the candidate as good a chance.

THOUGH Hoover expelled the Bonus Marchers from Washington, he solidified bonus sentiment among veterans. When the American Legion meets in Portland, Oregon, the resolution demanding an immediate payment of the bonus will probably be passed by an overwhelming majority. Delegations from thirty-five states have already been pledged to support the resolution, which means there will be 1,053 votes in favor of it out of a possible total of 1,415. Though a year ago Hoover's personal appeal and the influence of his lieutenants at the Legion Convention in Detroit succeeded in defeating a bonus resolution by a vote of almost two to one, administration officials have announced that this year they will make no similar efforts at the convention. They are, as a matter of fact, confronted by a problem of greater political gravity in the campaign—the possible passage of a resolution condemning Hoover's use of bayonets and gas bombs to drive the wretched army of the B. E. F. out of the capital. The attitude of the Legion on this question was made plain last week during the New York State convention, when Legion members, though they defeated a resolution condemning Hoover's action, nevertheless greeted his name with catcalls and almost booed Assistant Secretary of War Davison off the floor when he attempted to defend the President on the ground that the B. E. F. was largely composed of non-service hoodlums under Communist influence. Though the Little Corporal of Northampton rode into the White House on the strong-arm statement he made during the Boston police strike, the Great Engineer, on the other hand, may ride out of it on the strong-arm methods he employed on Anacostia Flats.

THE problem of voluntary or compulsory sickness insurance has been met in various ways both in this country and abroad, but perhaps one of the most interesting experiments along this line is being made in the Mary Imogene Bassett Hospital in Cooperstown, New York, according to a recent

issue of The Journal of the American Medical Association. This hospital is entirely a physician's undertaking, with no outside control by the state, the municipality or insurance companies. The staff consists of nine physicians, all of whom are on a salary basis. Fees for professional services either in the hospital or at home are collected by the hospital. The institution also offers an annual payment plan, whereby individuals or families may receive medical or surgical services by paying small dues each year in instalments. Though the argument is often advanced that under an arrangement of this kind patients will make excessive demands upon the physicians, the hospital reports that this did not prove to be the case in a single instance. The hospital has now been in existence for eighteen months, and its success brings the problem of medical care nearer to a solution.

Hoover's Business Planning

STEP BY STEP the President, foremost advocate of American individualism, is forced toward collective action and advance planning in the effort to give the wheels of industry an initial spin. It is important to note how the government is called upon again and again to do the things which conservative economists have maintained private enterprise would do for itself. First, action by government was invoked to create credit resources, to stem hoarding, to influence the security markets. Now action by government is required to help industry avail itself of what is believed to be an opportunity to expand production. Mr. Hoover, who opposes economic planning in words, resorts to it in deeds. When even the most conservative element in the community is irresistibly pulled in this direction, the drift of the period is plainly revealed.

As this tendency develops, the center of controversy shifts. Less and less the question is—shall we have planning? More and more it concerns what kind of planning we shall have. The kind now begun is distinctly not the kind which The New Republic believes would serve the best interests of the nation. Let us see what its characteristics are.

Secretary Ogden Mills says the new organization of business men and bankers, based on credit committees in the twelve Federal Reserve districts, and brought together in Washington under a central committee the chairman of which is the President's friend, Mr. Henry M. Robinson, is not an Economic Council "to direct the economic policies of the country." Quite true. It has given no consideration to questions of policy. Policy has been decided for it in advance, apparently without much research or cogitation. This is the conservative policy of seeking revival by the extension of credit and investment, largely in private business undertakings. We shall have something to say later about the wisdom of this policy.

The organization does not consist of men competent to think in terms of the economy of the nation as a whole and the needs of all its people. It does not consist of men entrusted with this duty and giving full time to it. It does not have a permanent staff of statisticians, economists, engineers. Rather, it is a collection of business, political and banking executives, busy with practical affairs and giving odd moments to the main job in hand.

These men are brought together to coördinate action—a purpose which is, indeed, an essential function under any planning system. But they are given no executive authority beyond that already happening to lie in their several hands. Industry and banking have delegated no powers to them; and government has neither supplied them with funds nor vested them with police powers. They must, by advice, coördinate the voluntary action of many self-seeking competitors. No reorganization of the structure of industry or government is contemplated.

The body, whether considered as a planning council or an executive one, represents private business and finance alone, in so far as it represents anyone. Labor has no voice. Farmers have no voice. Technicians have no voice.

The body is avowedly temporary, and deliberately eschews permanent changes. President Hoover did mention in his speech that there are more fundamental problems which might later be considered, and a temporary body often provides the foundation for lasting institutions. Nevertheless, an agency which acts on the assumption that it has to do only with an emergency and must not think beyond that is not likely to see clearly the basic difficulties which have created the emergency.

Let us turn, now, to the specific tasks which it has undertaken, under its six subcommittees.

Job Spreading. Under Mr. Walter C. Teagle of Standard Oil, industry is to be encouraged to reduce unemployment by spreading work. This is a device advocated and tried since the beginning of the depression. It is merely one variety of charity; it is a remedy for nothing. What happens is that those who are still employed, already for the most part on short time and paid at rates cut again and again, so that they are in many cases close to the level of mere subsistence, give up part of their inadequate wages so that others may have work at inadequate wages. The aggregate purchasing power of labor is not increased by this device. The burden of supporting the unemployed is transferred, in part, from governments and charitable contributors to the workers. Shorter schedules of hours are no gain if pay is also to be reduced.

Credit Extension. A committee under Mr. Owen D. Young will seek ways of extending for productive uses credit now available at banks. Similar committees have been in existence in several reserve districts for some weeks, without much result. It

is possible, of course, that mills and factories will be induced to borrow, and banks will be induced to lend, in order to stock up with commodities and increase production, now that prices have stopped falling. Visible surpluses of commodities overhanging markets may thus be transferred in part to individual inventories. It is conceivable that industrial activity will be spurred in this way, and a further stimulus to prices will arise. But the idea that this will have much lasting effect on the purchasing power of farmers and wage earners and that thus a market will be provided for the consumers' goods to be made, is merely a hope, unsubstantiated by the known facts.

Capital Expenditures. A committee under Mr. A. W. Robertson of Westinghouse will seek to find ways of replacing, improving and expanding the capital equipment of industry. When there is no assurance of a market for what industry can now produce, what will be the result of increasing productive capacity? Temporary employment, perhaps, for those engaged in making the new equipment. A short-lived boom might be stimulated in this way, but unless some permanent, large and rapid increase in the purchasing power of workers and farmers could be achieved, this boom would surely be succeeded by another depression.

Railroads. Under Mr. Daniel Willard of the B. & O. an attempt will be made to borrow and spend money on maintenance of equipment and new equipment. Again it is a question of what the long-term demand for railroad traffic is to be.

Repair and Improvement of Homes. Under Mr. Sewell L. Avery of Montgomery, Ward and Mr. C. M. Woolley of American Radiator, an attempt is to be made to spend more money on improvement of houses. Unless this turns into a movement to supply new housing for the lower income levels on a large scale—and a movement of course with public powers and subsidies—it can amount to little. We have small confidence that it will.

Relief of Home Owners. The Home Loan Bank program is ably discussed in this issue of The New Republic by Miss Rose M. Stein. We can add to that discussion only the comment that the sixty-day moratorium on home-mortgage foreclosures, to tide over the period before the Loan Banks open, applies *only to mortgages held by closed banks.*

Mr. Hoover said in his speech that we have won the battle of Chateau-Thierry against the depression and must now proceed to Soissons. But we have, at great cost, held on to only one long and dangerously situated salient—the solvency of financial institutions and railroads saved by government credit. We have fought against capital deflation while deflating everything else. Meanwhile the ranks of the unemployed, of low paid workers, of farmers, have fallen steadily backward. Mr. Hoover and his Council take no action to reform these lines and protect the bases of the salient.

They propose, instead, to launch an attack from the head of the salient itself. This indicates that a planning council with a different outlook is necessary to consider objectives and policy. It indicates that half-hearted business planning is likely to lead all of us, sooner or later, into more dangers and greater defeats.

The Illinois Miners' Revolt

THE BACKGROUND of the Illinois mine disturbances is a chapter in the history of trade unionism in the United States. Twenty years ago the Illinois mine workers were organized nearly one hundred percent. The organization headed by Frank Farrington was well entrenched by virtue of the check-off system. Wages were fair, and if conditions at the mines left much to be desired, they were far better than those recalled by the older miners of the days before the union came. Owing to the failure of the national U. M. W. under John L. Lewis to organize the workers in the newly opened fields of Kentucky and West Virginia, the union mines of Illinois, Pennsylvania, Indiana and Ohio were subjected to the competition of non-union labor. Distrust of state leadership grew. Farrington was at length discovered making undercover agreements with the Peabody Coal Company, into whose employment he openly graduated when forced out of office. John H. Walker is now president of the U. M. W. of Illinois. In the attempt of the middle-state miners, led by Alexander Howat and Oscar Ameringer to break away from Lewis, he carried to that leader the support which saved him for the time being.

Last March work ceased in the Illinois mines while a new wage scale was negotiated. This, when finally announced, reduced machine men from \$10.07 to \$7 per diem; loaders from \$8.04 to \$5.70; and established \$5 as a basic wage instead of \$6.10 for an eight-hour day. In view of the scaling down of the hours of employment for the individual miner, to absorb excess labor, it is uncertain whether the arrangement amounts to a living wage for the majority of workers in the industry.

There is an honest difference of opinion whether the scale represents the best bargain possible for the workers. Some of the smaller mine owners complain that they cannot live under the scale forced upon them by the larger operators. Some of the workers are surprised that in view of the depression their negotiators should have got so much as they did. There can be no doubt, however, about the scandalous methods employed to put the agreement over on the workers. When it was submitted to the rank and file, an active campaign ensued. Local business interests, which control the political machinery of the counties affected, were of course violently in favor of ratifi-

cation, which would once more put money into circulation in their communities. The opponents of the scale were denied ordinary civil rights. A caravan of 1,500 men, returning from a meeting at Springfield, was met at Taylorville, which is dominated by the Peabody Coal Company, by the sheriff and 200 deputies with drawn guns, and forbidden to hold a meeting in that city. In this atmosphere of suppression and violence the vote was taken, and went strongly against ratification. Another vote was forthwith ordered. When a partial count revealed a majority still against ratification the remaining ballots were stolen. An affidavit by one of the watchers states that the affiant saw two of his colleagues relieved of the documents by a car belonging to the vice-president of the Illinois U. M. W. At all events, the state officials declared the ratification adopted, and proceeded to sign the agreement and ordered the men back to the mines.

It is clear that distrust is the dominating psychological factor in this situation, distrust which has been growing since the days of Farrington, and which hangs like a miasma about Walker and Lewis. Obviously it is to the interest of these gentlemen to have the miners at work, in order that the check-off may bring in money for salaries, and keep up the only part of the organization which functions—the overhead. At least this is the interpretation put upon their conduct by the militant rank and file which objects to being sold out once more. Hence the mass picketing in which thousands of men and women move upon mines that have been opened, to persuade their comrades to throw down their tools. The pickets, instructed to bring no arms but their fists, are met by the sheriffs with armed “deputies.” At Taylorville, the marchers penetrated to the mines, which promptly closed. In Franklin County the sheriff with his “deputies” met the caravan and turned it back, somewhat beaten up. One worker has been killed by rough treatment; others are in the hospital. The state authorities are under criticism for inaction. There are two arms of the state government which may be used, the state board of arbitration and the troops. Mr. Barney Cohen, director of the department of labor, asserts that he “has been putting forth his best efforts to bring about an amicable adjustment,” so far with no visible results. State troops are reported to have fired over the heads of the marchers while the sheriff and his “deputies” beat them up in detail.

The spirit of fascism which prevails in southern Illinois was illustrated by the experience of a party of students from several Midwestern universities who undertook to enter Franklin County for investigation and relief. Contrary to the statements of Chicago papers, the expedition was not undertaken in a spirit of curiosity excited by the electoral crisis, but had been carefully planned for weeks. A considerable amount of food and 2,500 articles of clothing had been collected. The inten-

tion was to meet at Benton, in Franklin County, and send groups to neighboring points; but the party was intercepted at Mount Vernon by the sheriffs of Jefferson and Franklin counties with their “deputies,” and turned back, escorted by state troops, who apparently never think of protecting citizens in their legal rights, but merely act as a screen for the lawlessness of the county authorities. The students were not allowed to send food and clothing into Franklin County, on the ground that no help was needed. Meanwhile one student from Meadville Theological Seminary, who had preceded the party to Benton, reported actual starvation prevailing among the people for whom the slight aid supplied by the Illinois Emergency Relief Commission is rendered even more inadequate by favoritism in distribution. He found one family of eleven receiving less than one dollar a week. This student and two others from Commonwealth College were arrested and subjected to coarse insult by Sheriff Browning Robinson, his militant wife and his “deputies.”

In spite of the untimely ending of their first effort, it may be affirmed that the students supply the one immediately hopeful symptom in the situation. The awakening of social interest in colleges is a force to be reckoned with. The letters received from workers when the first word of a movement of sympathy reached them are evidence of the extent to which they feel themselves betrayed by their leaders, deprived of the rights of citizenship by the fascist elements of their communities, sentenced with their children to economic slavery and irremediable poverty by a profit system which they can oppose only with their blood. Under their present leaders their political power is wasted. To bring about the formation of a labor party, the *rapprochement* between students and labor is more necessary here than in England or Germany. But students should realize the seriousness of their undertaking. In affirming their solidarity with labor they may bring upon themselves the treatment which labor experiences at the hands of Sheriff Browning Robinson and his merry men.

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More Homes or More Mortgages?

The Home Loan Banks Provide Relief—for Realtors

Great numbers of people are losing their homes because of inability to secure renewal of their present short-term mortgages. They are losing their savings of years and undergoing irreparable hardships because of the inability of institutions to give them these renewals.

BY THESE words in support of the Home Loan Bank Law, President Hoover acknowledged the breakdown of our existing system of real-estate financing. In his inimitable fashion, he proposes to remedy the situation by providing an agency that will with one hand lend money for the renewal of mortgages and with the other will extend loans for new building, financed on the same basis as of old, thus creating new difficulties as rapidly as the old ones are settled or postponed.

That "great numbers of people are losing their homes" is not entirely due to "the inability of institutions" to renew maturing mortgages. It is due rather to the fact that foreclosure in such instances has been found more profitable than renewal. Insurance-company reports since the beginning of the depression emphasize in no uncertain terms the strength of the companies' cash position. In addition, these companies have been enabled since the first of the year to borrow on their ample collateral from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Yet insurance companies are among the worst culprits in refusing to renew mortgages or in insisting upon their reduction.

The savings banks have, of course, the excuse that they must call in their mortgages in order to maintain a liquid position. It is questionable, however, how much more liquid they become when through foreclosure they change the form of their assets from liens to the outright ownership of property. Even the building and loan associations, which are among those hardest hit, might have avoided a number of foreclosures, for they too have recourse to borrowing from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, and, as a matter of fact, 541 such institutions have taken advantage of the opportunity.

The real reason for a number of the foreclosures was stated by Frederick H. Ecker, president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, who admitted that "over a period of years foreclosed properties have been sold at a substantial profit."

The Home Loan Banks offer the lending institutions the privilege of rediscounting mortgages up to 60 percent of their face value but not in excess

of 40 percent of the appraised value of the property. They will not, however, in any way interfere with the lender's privilege to renew or not renew a given mortgage. The lender still holds the whip, and a lender's decisions are not always dictated by the noblest motives. In hundreds of communities the less secure mortgages are the ones most readily renewed. If the mortgage is so large that it would not pay the holder to attempt foreclosure and sale, and, moreover, if the borrower is still able to pay interest and taxes, the mortgage is renewed promptly and without difficulty. It is when the mortgage has been reduced to half or less of the value of the property that the owner's troubles become serious. Then the lender has the upper hand, not only legally but economically. He can dictate terms and he nearly always does. His terms may include a demand for further reduction in principal, a premium, a bonus, or some imaginary expenses—anything that can be extracted from the already prostrate borrower. If these demands are not granted, foreclosure follows. If a reduction in principal is made, the loan is reduced while the collateral remains the same; therefore, at the next maturity the mortgagee will have the borrower even more in his power than he does now, unless the millennium comes in the meantime.

The Home Loan Banks have no power to dictate the policies of lending institutions in order to prevent the many tragedies and "irreparable hardships" incident to mortgage foreclosures. It is true that Senator Couzens succeeded in tacking on to the law a clause to the effect that:

Any home owner who comes within the limits of this act and who is unable to obtain mortgage money from any other source may obtain same from any bank organized under this act; provided, that this subsection shall not be effective when the federal government has had its stock retired.

There is, however, very little doubt that the clause will be ignored or covered up by some organization rule. Mr. Hoover carefully omitted any mention of this clause in his statement issued when the bill was signed, and his banker appointees are not likely to emphasize something which he wishes to ignore.

That the situation is critical no one can deny. About \$15,000,000,000 is invested in home mortgages. It is estimated that mortgages totaling something like \$2,000,000,000 are in bad standing and present actual or potential foreclosure prob-

lems. Individual home mortgages are not very large; they range from one to fifteen thousand dollars. Since the larger mortgages are more readily renewed, it is not likely that the average of those in bad standing ranges over \$5,000. This means that about 400,000 homes will be or have been taken from the owners.

While the new system's aid in renewing existing mortgages is problematical, the danger it encourages in lending on new projects, financed on the old unsound basis, is great.

Much has been said recently about the fiasco of large-scale real-estate projects financed by bond flotations. This tragic situation was brought about by planlessness, greed and, in some instances, downright crookedness on the part of promoters and underwriters. In theory, however, real-estate-bond financing is more sound than mortgage loans on homes.

When a debt is contracted there ought to be made simultaneously a provision for its ultimate retirement. Otherwise the transaction might as well be treated at the outset as a trade where there is collateral and as a gift where there is none. The basic principle of sound real-estate financing is that the property covered by the loan must itself earn enough to pay off both interest and principal over a period of years. That so many properties failed to pay off their indebtedness is not the fault of the plan but of the abuse thereof. Excessive borrowing, based on false appraisals and false earning estimates and, above all, a supply of buildings far in excess of the demand, brought about the collapse of mortgage bonds.

In the case of home mortgages the principle itself is at fault and losses are inevitable under our recurring depressions. They are implied in the original financing. Only high-pressure salesmanship and sloppy sentimentality about the advantages of owning one's home could induce so many otherwise conservative people to tie themselves up with houses they could never afford.

Suppose I buy a house for \$20,000. I pay \$10,000 in cash and carry a mortgage for the balance. This is a fairly conservative basis. Within the last few years and despite the unprecedentedly high price of real estate, mortgages were extended for as high as 65 or 70 percent, and in some communities building and loan associations loaned as high as 85 percent. When I apply for the loan no one inquires as to the amount of my salary, the character of my work, or what provision I am making for the payment of the mortgage when it matures. What the mortgagee does is to inspect the property and examine the title. If these are approved, the loan is made. If I buy the property after the mortgage has already been placed, I merely assume the debt. The lender is not interested in me. He knows that there is no income to be derived from the property and that I am going to use it for a home, but he does not seem to care.

How, then, is the mortgage to be paid at the end of the usual three-year period? Let the borrower beware. The lender has a powerful weapon. He has ensured himself with ample security and when payment is not met when due he has recourse to foreclosure.

When the mortgage matures, the borrower may obtain a new mortgage from some other party for which he will have to pay a premium or a bonus. Or the present lender may extend the mortgage for another three years, if it is to his interest to do so, or the property may be sold to satisfy the indebtedness. In normal times, either of the first two alternatives is employed. In times of stress, the first alternative becomes impossible. The second alternative depends upon the mercy of the lender, and the mercy of money-lenders is notoriously undependable. The only remaining alternative is that the property be sold. Thus, when I buy a property on which I must carry a mortgage, I gamble on two things: one, that a period of fair stability or of general inflation will prevail by the time my mortgage matures; two, that the holder of my mortgage will be both able and benevolent enough to renew the mortgage even though the period may be one of depression. When I buy a house on which I must have a mortgage I take a chance on factors which, as our economic history has proved, are less reliable than the roulette wheel.

When houses are bought on the instalment plan, that is, on the pay-as-you-go-the-same-as-rent plan, the gamble is even greater. When a person works part time, when his job is insecure or his salary low, he is usually glad enough to make ends meet. He does not think about buying a home, however salesmen may tempt him. It is when he is at the peak of productivity that he becomes the easy prey of the real-estate agent. He is at that time probably maintaining the highest standard of living in his career. The plan on which a house is sold to him is based upon this high standard. Even in normal times, there are few individuals who can remain indefinitely at this level. The buyer may be laid off from work, or have his salary cut. Someone in the family may become sick. Presto! his home is gone and with it all his savings.

Since 1925, when the peak in home building was reached, mortgage foreclosures in urban communities all over the country have been increasing in a straight upward line. During 1931 and 1932 the pace has been accelerated, but the tendency was evident long before the depression, and is inherent in the plan itself.

This is our plan for home financing. The Home Loan Banks are going to make available large sums of money for building new homes on the same archaic scheme. Real-estate salesmen everywhere are ready to start a sales campaign the moment the banks commence operation. For months real-estate organizations, building and loan associations and manufacturers of building supplies have

worked for this opportunity to start the wheels moving. Every journal and periodical, every report of meeting or conference, expresses the gleeful hope that at last we are ready to start all over again making the mistakes from the effects of which we have failed to recover. Everyone who still has a bit of cash or a job is going to be "sold" on the idea of owning a home.

President Hoover lends his support to this sales campaign by sentimentalizing it:

To possess one's own home, however small [he says] is the hope of every family in our country. That is the American ideal born of an exquisite sentiment, nurtured by a long national tradition, and proved right by its innumerable practical advantages.

This is in direct contradiction to the report of the President's own Conference on Home Building and Home Ownership. At this conference the committee on large-scale housing reported that "new houses of acceptable standard of living are too expensive for two-thirds of the population."

A private house is a luxury which very few even of the middle class can afford. Under the present economic order there is nothing we can be more sure of than a constant army of unemployed. These unemployed will not necessarily be the least capable or the least industrious. They will represent a cross section of all workers and professional people. Even if times improve appreciably, insecurity will confront a large proportion of our population. To induce these people, therefore, to invest what reserve they have in acquiring nominal

title to a house the ownership of which is actually vested in the holder of the mortgage, is nothing short of criminal. Whether we like it or not, the privately owned house must follow in the footsteps of the master craftsman's little shop.

This does not alter the fact that many homes are needed. Despite the numerous vacancies in high-priced apartments and better-class houses, many new dwellings are required to replace the miserable shacks and hovels that disgrace our towns and cities, and to house the people whose address is the park bench. But the risk of building these new houses must not be placed by sentimental appeals on the back of the hard-working individual who has to skimp and save, who has to deprive himself of the barest necessities, in order to make payments on the home until the first depression or the first emergency comes along and the mortgagee takes it over. The building of new homes lies properly within the province of governments and municipalities or limited-dividend corporations. This is the opinion of the large-scale housing committee of the President's conference, which "is convinced that large-scale construction is the most effective long-range procedure and is especially applicable to the present emergency caused by the depression." This committee believes further that unemployment relief could best be provided by putting public funds to work in the building of such homes.

Every prospective home buyer should be immunized with an antitoxin against the blah-blah of own-your-own-home campaigns.

ROSE M. STEIN.

Anatole France

ANATOLE FRANCE sums up a culture and announces its death. He is the last great writer of the bourgeois literature which began in France with the "philosophers" of the eighteenth-century enlightenment. He represented at the beginning of the twentieth century the tradition of the bourgeois revolution and in him we can gauge its decay.

There are a number of different things in Anatole France and they are irreconcilable with each other. In spite of all his elegant lucidity, he never really made sense. He deserved more than Voltaire did the reproach of being "a chaos of clear ideas."

First of all, there is the revolutionary tradition: France recapitulates Voltaire. He had reacted against the anti-humanism of his early Catholic education, which he seemed to feel had cramped his instincts. That "hatred of the priest" which he makes the cobbler's son at the beginning of "L'Orme du Mail" carry out with him into the

world when he finds that his very brilliance at school has cost him his chance of education at the hands of a priest in mortal terror of rearing up another Renan, was a real moving force with France. But after all by France's day the Church was no longer the formidable enemy which it had been in Voltaire's and France's criticism was correspondingly less energetic. By France's time it had become fashionable to take an appreciative historical interest in Christianity, and France wrote gentle travesties of saints' legends whose shades of ironic tenderness Voltaire could never have understood. Anatole France's principal quarrel with the Church was really over its Puritanism and a large part of his attack consists merely of bedeviling it with ribald anecdotes.

France had also a share of the democratic feeling which had come into the enlightenment through Rousseau. The son of a bookseller on the quais, he had been snubbed by the masters at the Collège Stanislas, and he had the resentment of the petty

bourgeois against the big bourgeois and the nobility. He was furious with some vicomte (I think—I quote the story from memory) who had promised to vote for him at the Academy: "M. de—, you're mistaken," he said when the noble academician tried to apologize, "You voted for me! You gave me your word. You're a gentleman: you don't break your word. You're mistaken—you voted for me!" Yet he had laid earnest siege to the Academy: he had wanted—he confesses it somewhere—to do the things that were necessary to make good in the eyes of his bourgeois family of the Quai Voltaire. He had composed "*Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*" deliberately, he admits, as the kind of book that recommends itself as a candidate for crowning by the Academy. He was a man of the bourgeoisie and frankly aimed to please them.

At the time of the Dreyfus case France was aroused to a certain amount of public protest because the controversy lined up those reactionary elements which the bourgeoisie had always fought: the royalists and the Church. In "*Histoire Contemporaine*," he satirized the army, the priesthood, the nobility, the politicians. He understood the grievances of the working class against the bourgeoisie and he addressed working-class audiences at the time of the 1905 revolution in Russia and occasionally wrote little fables like "*Crainquebille*"; but it was a question less of championing the working class than of scoring off the smugness of the bourgeois. He was no longer speaking for himself. He fell out over Dreyfus with his colleagues at the Academy and continued to feel so strongly about it that he refused to go there for years; but he did go back in his old age. When the War broke out, he supported it at first. Then when he heard that peace overtures by the Central Powers had been rejected by the Allies, he declined to write any more patriotic messages to the public but did not make any positive protest. He had heard that Clemenceau, his old ally of the Dreyfus case, had threatened to clap him in jail if he dared to open his mouth, and the imprisonment of Caillaux had frightened him.

And there had been other things in Anatole France's life besides this carrying on of the revolutionary tradition. We can trace the progressive enfeeblement of that tradition through the writers whose line was ended by France. We have seen how strong the Revolution still was in Michelet—strong enough to carry him, still confident of the democratic victory of humanity, through all the discouragements of the nineteenth century. And Renan, who in the next generation broke away from his training for the priesthood to sap the history of Christianity and champion the ideals of science, tells us with what excitement he read Michelet's history at school: "So it was," he writes, "that the century reached me through the cracks in a broken cement. . . . I discovered with amaze-

ment that there were laymen who were serious and learned; I saw that there existed something outside of antiquity and the church . . . the death of Louis XIV was no longer the end of the world for me. Ideas and feelings appeared which had never had any expression either in antiquity or in the seventeenth century."

But the impetus behind Renan is weaker than that behind Michelet: a skepticism not devoid of smugness has begun to eat the faith of the enlightenment. Renan regarded himself more or less as fighting the battle of science against the organized myth-making of the Church; and it is true that in the "*Origines du Christianisme*" he does *not* hold the balances evenly: the Christians really get the worst of it in relation to the Graeco-Roman culture. But by the time we have been shown Jesus as a "*charmant docteur*," Paul as an "ugly little Jew" who had a boorish point of view about the beautiful statues of Corinth, John as a visionary radical who committed a frightful error of taste by choosing for the fabrication of the esthetic horrors of the Apocalypse the delightful little Greek island of Patmos, which would have been so much more suitable for the composition of some elegant little idyl of the type of "*Daphnis and Chloe*," and finally, by implication, Marcus Aurelius as superior to Jesus—"perhaps the best man who ever lived," I think Renan says in so many words—because he had all Jesus's ideas and was a Roman gentleman besides, we end by reacting in favor of the Christians. The refinement of the revolutionary tradition was being accomplished by a softening of its morale. Renan's Marcus Aurelius, sadly ruminating on human affairs as he wages uncongenial wars against the forces battering in the Empire, is a winning but half-hearted hero. Renan hasn't Michelet's spirit: he made good his escape from the seminary and he forfeited his chair at the Collège de France by the very first lecture he delivered; but he was the real father of that fatal French skepticism which had learned to take the force out of ideas by treating them sympathetically. Yet Renan seems single-minded, consistent and conscientious when we compare him to Anatole France, who built on Renan's foundations.

Anatole France had assimilated and embodied not only Voltaire and Renan but also all that side of nineteenth-century French literature which had its final perfect expression in Flaubert. This involved an attitude toward history antagonistic to that of the enlightenment. The Romanticists had found the past more romantic than the present and had reveled in recreating it. And Flaubert had a definite thesis that the world had been steadily getting worse: he distinguished three great periods of history, "*paganisme, christianisme, muflisme*"—"muckerism" being the present. Beyond this he did not look—he was content to brace himself with draughts of the glory that had passed from the world and to taste his disdain for the present. He was as pessimistic as possible.

Now Anatole France alternated between the ameliorative revolutionary point of view and a pessimism not unlike Flaubert's. His historical novels and stories, which range from Greece and Rome to "L'Histoire Contemporaine," constitute a sort of outline of history, and "L'Ile des Pingouins" seems to recapitulate the chronicle. The conclusion of "L'Ile des Pingouins," in which France has modern civilization blown off the face of the earth by embittered proletarians so that what is left of the human race is brought back to its original condition of simple ploughers of the soil, hardly harmonizes with the slogan prefixed to his collected political papers, "Slowly but surely humanity realizes the dreams of the wise."

The most interesting example of France's split mind is his book about the Revolution itself. "Les Dieux Ont Soif" is one of France's most ambitious performances and as a piece of historical reconstruction it is interesting and impressive. But that Anatole France writing about the Revolution should have chosen this particular subject and chosen to treat it in this way is somehow disappointing. "Les Dieux Ont Soif" is all a contrast between Gamelin, a harsh fanatical petty Robespierre, and Brotteaux, a cultivated and formerly well-to-do bourgeois. Gamelin finally sends Brotteaux under the ax and the latter goes to the scaffold reading Lucretius. In the meantime Brotteaux has been sentimentalized more lavishly than perhaps anybody else in France's novels since the days of Sylvestre Bonnard. And surely he is one of the most obnoxious of all France's kindly skeptical old men. One of Anatole France's friends once asked him whether Brotteaux had not been inspired by forebodings as to his own probable fate in the event of a new revolution, and France did not deny it.

He was an old self-indulgent man by that time, surrounded by parasites, female admirers, bric-à-brac, old books and old prints. Sometimes when radicals came to see him he talked politics and called them "comrade." But a good deal of the time he oscillated between a rather oily preaching of the sufficiency of beauty and "*volupté*" to make life worth living and a black and hateful nihilism. There is something unpleasant about Anatole France's bursts of hatefulness: they seem the irritability of impotence. There are curious stories about the waverings, the conflict of impulses, of his last years. We feel that Voltaire was happy in having been able to concentrate on an object which required all his malice.

The trouble was that France had within him two phases of the French bourgeoisie contradicting each other: the man of 1789 who had stood forward and made his strength felt against the rotten structure of feudalism, and the comfortable citizen of the twentieth century who, no longer under the necessity of asserting himself against a superior class, was getting soft in his turn among

his own good books and good living. Mr. H. M. Chevalier in his admirable book, "The Ironic Temper: Anatole France and His Times," the best study of France I have seen, has shown the disintegration of Anatole France's mind, pointing out that his irony really arises from his inability to reconcile different points of view and that the real cause of his almost uniform failure, except in very short pieces, to compose solid artistic wholes, was his own lack of coherence and completeness. But Mr. Chevalier should, it seems to me, explain France's psychology itself not merely—as he does with much insight—from the Freudian point of view but also by analyzing it in terms of France's social situation. It was not merely a mother complex nor the puritanism of a Catholic education which made the moralist and the sensual man—and hence from France's point of view, the esthete—in him always tend to fall apart as two antagonistic people: Gamelin and Brotteaux, Paphnuce and Thaïs. He was divided, as I say, between the two conflicting phases of the bourgeois culture which had bred him.

But there is less open conflict in France than irony that glosses over a conflict—irony sad, nostalgic, comic, humorous, tolerably earnest and bitter or engagingly wide-eyed and naïve. What France really best expressed was that intellectual-psychological atmosphere for which Bernard Shaw has found the best name, the "Heartbreak House" of the well-to-do cultivated people of the later phases of the capitalist era. Anatole France, who had so much to say about the pleasures of epicureanism, told one of his friends in his old age that he had never known a happy day; and what he really conveys most successfully is the experience of emotional frustration, intellectual disillusion—the abyss of neurotic despair which yawns under the tight-ropes and trapezes of a highly developed sensibility. It was France and not Proust who wrote that the only sure things in the world were the relativity of phenomena and the succession of appearances. France was insisting before Proust that we are always alone in the world. "Le Lys Rouge" and "Histoire Comique" showed before "La Prisonnière" how in a given love affair there can never be a moment when the two parties are living the same ecstasy. Indeed for Anatole France as for Proust there can be no ecstasy at all except the ecstasy of art, and for the one as for the other this ecstasy never seems to bring the full gratification they had hoped for.

All this is to appear plainly in Proust as the symptoms of a mortal disease. In France it is still enjoyable for the felicity of the ripened art which almost neutralizes the taste of dust and ashes.

EDMUND WILSON.

Mr. Wilson's next article will deal with John Morley. The book by H. M. Chevalier to which he refers in his present article will be published this fall by the Oxford Press.—THE EDITORS.

The Theatre: Gambler's Paradise

TO TALK of the theatre's life as though it depended on its ability to create forms that clothe ideas is a disastrous policy. Any possible development of theatre art is a mirage unless the theatre is able to survive as a profit-making business or to be endowed as a non-profit-making institution. The vitality of any type of theatre that can be conceived has no meaning except as part of the organized life of a typical community. The theatre cannot be taken up bodily and transplanted to an ideal site without taking the community along with it. The theatre can be given no new impetus by being spelled Theatre, or by talking of it as though it could, like certain species of orchids, exist while clinging to a decayed stump, deriving nourishment from the intellectual atmosphere of our age—the *Zeitgeist*. The theatre of to day can neither be transplanted nor be transported without first tracing the roots of its economic life. It is earthbound. What prevents its development as an art, in spite of an extraordinary fertility in inventing new methods of expression at present, is the fact that as a business enterprise it is nothing more than an adjunct to a gambler's paradise.

The profits of putting on a successful play are so fabulous, and the losses of putting on a failure are so catastrophic, that a theatrical producer is not in the business of putting on plays but of finding and producing "smash hits." If he does not, he is forced to take the play off and follow Whistler's advice to the owner of a decrepit cab horse: "Rub him out and begin all over again." The basic principle of theatrical financing is the gambler's double or quits, for the profits of the smash hit can easily wipe out the losses of a string of failures and leave in a single season a margin of profit that would satisfy a large-scale operator on the stock exchange. The chances of picking a hit may be one in twenty, but the smash hit pays at a rate of a thousand to one.

If we bar the additional expenses incident to glorifying the American Girl and parading the choruses of musical comedies or revues rehearsed with large orchestras, the curtain can be raised on the average theatrical venture for a sum between \$10,000 and \$20,000, including the necessary amount of preliminary touting in the form of press-agent stories and advertising. Such an initial expense may seem high considered as actual cash outlay. But what does it amount to compared with a possible gross intake of more than a million dollars in the course of a single year?

Dwell upon the bookkeeper's balance sheet of "Journey's End," announced under the caption "A War Play Celebrates Its Birthday" in *The New York Times* of March 16, 1930:

North America	Performances	Gross Receipts
New York.....	401	\$819,873.43
Chicago company.....	222	348,367.65
Canadian company.....	207	277,224.75
Southern company.....	118	113,416.72
Eastern company.....	100	168,275.08
Total as of March 1, 1930	1,048	\$1,727,157.63

Other Countries

London (to March 8).....	\$560,000.00
Three British tours (to March 8)...	360,000.00
Australian tour (to March 1).....	185,000.00
Continental-English tour (to Feb. 25)	70,000.00
Far Eastern tour.....	45,000.00
	\$1,220,000.00

Total..... \$2,947,157.63

"It is impossible," said Maurice Browne the English producer, "to gauge the prospective earnings. An African tour opens in August." But the total gross receipts of nearly \$3,000,000 in the course of a single year, with more to come without counting movie rights, is sufficient to arouse the envious attention of a stock broker or a big business man. Net profits cannot of course be deduced from these figures, but they are without doubt within the dreams of avarice. Although from one-third to two-fifths of this sum must be deducted for theatre rentals, and in addition author's royalties (which, however, average less than 10 percent), the owners of the enterprise have reaped a very satisfactory profit on their original investment, particularly when one remembers that the play called for only one, and an inexpensive, setting—the interior of a dug-out at the front—a minimum crew of stage-hands and a small cast.

Such possible profits in the theatre are not exceptional or typical only of post-war inflation in boom times. The total profits of "The Count of Monte Cristo" and those of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" are estimated to have run into millions. Testifying before the House Committee on Patents against the new copyright bill on April 11, 1930, Mr. William Klein of the Shubert Enterprises listed author's royalties as follows: "Potash and Perlmutter," \$378,285; "The Trial of Mary Dugan," \$312,650; "Broadway," \$300,000; "The Bat," \$300,000; "Friendly Enemies," \$232,331. The royalties on musical comedies ran to higher figures: \$410,000, \$573,000, \$595,000. Such figures explain why playwrighting is so popular a profession and why theatres crowd one another in side streets running off Broadway until they form a theatrical ghetto

a mile and a half long and not more than half a mile in width.

The producer is, of course, not left alone to exploit so rich a field; the landlord exacts his toll here as everywhere in modern life. With enormous gambler's stakes being played for and a frantic competition, until very recently, for theatres in which to win them, building and owning theatres became one of the most lucrative forms of real-estate investment. A three-story theatre could return a rate of interest to its owner beyond the possible expectation of the owner of an apartment house, office building or hotel. There were, before overbuilding had caused its inevitable reaction, about seventy-two theatres in New York City. The landlord got his share of the stake by taking 40 percent of the gross box-office receipts. He thus played for hits like everyone else in the theatrical business and dispossessed on two weeks' notice any play that did not show a satisfactory return. How satisfactory the landlord's gamble can be is made plain in another report from *The New York Times* of September 27, 1931, under the caption "The Music Box Stops to Count Up." The receipts of the first "Music Box Revue," which opened the house in 1921 and ran for fifty-four weeks, were "something over \$1,500,000 in that time." Forty percent of this sum is \$600,000, a very ample return to the landlord within one year on a theatre of a type that, with its plot, could at the time be built for \$1,000,000 or less. But this was only the first year. During the second season the "Second Music Box Revue" played to a gross of \$1,000,000. Thus within two years the owners had taken in a sum that equaled their original investment in land and building. In what other kind of real-estate speculation would such a feat be possible? Since that time the theatre has housed the following successes:

"Third Music Box Revue"	46 weeks
"Fourth Music Box Revue"	23 "
"Cradle Snatchers"	59 "
"Chicago"	20 "
"The Spider"	29 "
"Paris Bound"	29 "
"Paris"	24 "
"First Little Show"	40 "
"Topaze"	20 "
"Once in a Lifetime"	35 "

A total of 325 weeks in eight seasons. If one averages the weekly intake of such successes, many of them the smash hits of their season, at the moderate figure of \$20,000 per week, this single theatre yielded a gross rental of \$6,500,000, or nearly six and a half times its original cost in eight years of operation. But failure to corral successful plays can also ruin a theatrical landlord. There are at present several theatres in New York that can be purchased, it is reported, for the price of their arrears in mortgage interest and taxes.

The results of basing the production of plays on gambler's expectation and not on the average profits of an average production have in New York resulted in such an inflation of values that even before the present deflation was felt the theatre business as a whole developed unmistakable symptoms of a chronic financial breakdown. The typical New York playhouse is a boarding-house run by a landlord who has no interest in the theatre whatsoever except to the extent that it returns him an exceptional rate of rental. He needs to sell nothing more than site value to gamblers. As a result theatres are jammed into the smallest possible assemblage of New York building-plots. As many seats as possible are crowded in, sight-lines are disregarded, the stage is cramped in width and made as shallow as possible, often less than twenty-five feet in depth.

A producer's greatest item of the expense is for labor, the cost of overtime for union stage-hands during scenic rehearsals. But this he cannot reduce by a single cent with any effective labor machinery for speeding up scene-shifting or for unifying the control of electric switchboards, because it does not pay the theatre landlord to install a scrap of such equipment. He is being paid for the value of his site and is too good a gambler to load himself down with any needless fixed-capital charges or unnecessary forms of overhead. As a result, for a stage that often doubled his rehearsal expenses and his crew of stage-hands, made rehearsals a needlessly protracted agony and subjected his actors to every kind of unnecessary nervous strain, the producer paid as much as \$8,000 per week or more in rent after his play had opened—if he was lucky enough to keep it running at a profit.

Every form of reduction in costs is advocated: 10 percent of this or that at times becomes a magic figure. But no one will face the necessity of reorganizing the entire economic basis of the industry. Every attempt to organize theatrical managers into a unit that might direct the theatre industry as a whole has failed. One effort of the theatrical managers to turn themselves into a National Theatre collapsed of its own ineptitude. A more recent one, despite honest efforts by its few courageous members to improve conditions for both themselves and the public, ended with the group being unable to hold out for more than a few months against the practice of selling seats in a block to ticket speculators, thus making the cost of play-going as well as of play-producing prohibitive. The theatre public was sold out by one set of gamblers to gamblers of another kind.

Nevertheless it would be unfair to see the theatrical manager melodramatically as a deliberate villain. He is forced to such expedients very largely because as an individual in an unorganized industry he often has no other choice. If his play is not an immediate hit he runs the risk of being dispossessed unless his weekly gross reaches a substantial figure. If his production requires more

than two weeks to be built into a success, he can keep it open only by sinking more capital into it, and in most cases his capital is depleted when he opens his play in New York. The ticket speculator who guarantees him a four or six weeks' "buy" is therefore his necessary ally and often performs the same function as the banker who advances money to merchants and manufacturers so that they can meet the expenses of their weekly overhead and pay roll until their profits accrue.

The situation is further complicated by the fact that often only a fraction of the original investment in a production is the producer's own; he may exact 50 percent of the possible profit as the price of management, the funds being supplied by fellow gamblers from other industries who are willing to risk \$10,000 or more on a possible hundred-to-one shot. The business practices of the American theatre are not typical of sound financial organization, but are those that prevail everywhere when large-scale enterprises are financed with insufficient capital and inadequate reserves. Most of the present effort of business management in the theatre goes into haggling, driving hard bargains and encouraging all kinds of sharp practices, the most common of which is to evade or delay the final payment due scene-builders, scene-painters and scene-designers. They too, like everybody else, are expected to wait for the next hit. The necessity of extending credit, and of continuing it beyond a point that any other industry would countenance, inflates the cost of scene-building and scene-painting to such a point that the few managements who do settle their bills within thirty days as a rule pay the overhead charges of carrying their colleagues who have gambled less successfully.

For some inscrutable reason these practices are considered typical of the "commercial theatre," whereas the only theatres in New York that have been commercial in any sound sense of the word are its "art theatres." These art organizations put into practice the rudiments of business common sense observed in every other kind of business. They planned organizations that had a sound relation to their product and to their rate of production. Simplifications and ingenuities of all sorts cut their scenic budgets; careful planning, able scenic designers and competent technical staffs avoided last-minute confusion and waste. Productions were made in one theatre wherever possible and its equipment was built up into a permanent asset. In some cases a nucleus of a permanent acting company accepted lower salaries in return for the prospect of a season's steady employment. These theatres were organized, and as organizations were out not to take a long chance on a smash hit that might cram half the theatre-going population in New York inside their doors, but to produce a certain kind of play for a particular type of audience, exactly as a manufacturer produces a line of goods for the expected needs and taste of a certain section of the public.

As a result they maintained standards of output and enlarged their clientele by making their name a trademark synonymous with the kind of reputation and good will that a hard-boiled manufacturer on taking over a hardware concern is willing to pay for in hard cash.

However, such businesslike art organizations could not in the long run evade the economic problem of play producing which the majority of unbusinesslike commercial managers create. Art theatres at the outset avoided some of the burdens of Broadway by producing in little theatres off the beaten tracks, where rents were low, and by budgeting their programs so that a moderate-sized audience coming regularly enough would return a small margin of profit. But the increasing scale of costs dictated by Broadway very soon upset any such initial advantages. Steadily mounting union wage scales doubled the cost of building, painting and rehearsing. The cost of even simplified stage settings increased to a point that made the purely experimental play an almost impossible risk. Young actors who were willing to accept lower salaries for a few years, while making a reputation, had to ask for higher ones according to a standard set by Broadway, and with the rising cost of living were obliged to cash in on their reputation with the best Broadway could offer them. The nucleus of a company of first-rate actors grew more and more expensive to maintain. The standard of salary tended to become what a manager with a hit could afford to pay his cast. The small houses, even when filled every night, could not yield a sufficient margin over a minimum budget. And the moment an art theatre planned to move to larger quarters it was faced with real-estate values and taxes fixed by Broadway managers and their landlords.

As a whole the promise of artistic insurgence in the American theatre of ten years ago has not been realized. Despite innumerable little theatres, experimental stages and fireside players that dot the country, there is not one that gives certain promise of growing into an important professional organization, and the reasons for this comparative failure are primarily economic and not artistic. The moment an "art theatre," however soundly organized as a business, succeeds as a theatrical enterprise it finds itself facing much the same economic dilemmas that the "commercial theatre" faces. It may not be in the business of producing hits, but unless it produces them every so often, it too must go to the wall ultimately, if not quite so quickly as its commercial rivals.

I am attempting no last-minute Jeremiad. The last ten years of American playwrighting and play-producing have been an indubitable renaissance. If occasionally we gnash our teeth like shipwrecked mariners watching the fleeting sail of art disappear over the horizon's rim, it is because we forget that even in the great historic periods of the drama, there were never more than one or two theatres

in any theatrical center that produced work of consistently high quality. If any one doubts our progress, let him compare the quality of such recent Broadway successes as "The Green Pastures" and "Once in a Lifetime" with "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "The Lion and the Mouse," or let him compare any of the successes of the last decade with the specimens of typical American drama of the previous twenty years in Montrose Moses' compendium, "Representative American Plays."

The commercial theatres have in fact aped both the tone and the material of the art theatres as fast as these won popular acceptance. The successes of the commercial theatre repeated and often cashed in on the successes of experimental playhouses. Indeed the present plight of Broadway is very similar to the predicament of its remaining art theatres. Nothing but smash hits can keep them going and smash hits, with an occasional exception like "Abie's Irish Rose," are more and more often made from plays so novel both in point of view and treatment that ten or twenty years ago they would never have been picked as having the slightest relation to anything that the public could be supposed to want. The obvious stereotypes and the easy money have been drained off into the movies.

Present-day hits have a validity of characterization and an amount of criticism of life that would have sent the old-time theatrical manager gibbering to the nearest saloon for a bracer. Hits grow harder to write and harder to pick. The usual diatribes against the competition of the movies are very largely based on the fact that the success of

the motion picture has forced the theatre to be original both in the choice and in the treatment of its material. Playwrights have abandoned their old subject matter to the moving picture, they have appropriated much of its technique, so that a play like "Grand Hotel," a superficial heightening of the sentimentalities and pathos of old-fashioned melodrama, requires, in order to be successful, a co-ordinated technique of presentation entirely beyond the imagination of old-time producers who knew when to turn on blue moonlight and to play soft music. Commercial managers are beginning to suffer financially because the average Broadway theatre is not equipped like the former German state theatres at Dresden, Berlin or Stuttgart. They hang on to the lapels of their favorite authors and beg them to write a "sure-fire" hit in one set and for a cast of three people. But modern playwrights with extraordinary perversity continue to write successes in eleven acts or twelve and fifteen scenes that cannot be put over by a single high-priced star, and in addition to casts of thirty-five or fifty, require three or four leading players of the first rank. The result is that the successful manager, even when he has picked a hit, often has to face a salary list and a production expense that make his risk greater than ever. The irony of the present state of the theatre in New York is that every influence which is forcing the improvement of its product is also making its financial basis more and more precarious, so that the American theatre, despite its indubitable artistic progress, seems to be strangling in a clutter of side streets that we call Broadway.

LEE SIMONSON.

Roosevelt's Power Record

THE POWER question has become a national political issue because in nearly every state and in thousands of municipalities heated conflicts are in progress between the people and the private power companies. These local contests involve the same factors which underlie the more conspicuous struggles over Boulder Dam, Muscle Shoals, the St. Lawrence, the Federal Power Commission and the power investigations. The public knows that a show-down with the power trust, locally and nationally, is imminent and that the attitude of the federal administration for the next few years is of crucial importance.

Since the position of Hoover and the conservative Republicans is well known to be more than friendly to the utilities, interest naturally centers upon what the country may reasonably expect from Roosevelt and the progressive Democrats if given office. Interpretations of the Governor's power policy are widely conflicting and usually based upon an inadequate survey of the facts. My own method

of judging candidates is to place minimum emphasis upon words and maximum emphasis upon deeds performed under pressure of legislative and administrative responsibility.

If we apply this rule to Governor Roosevelt, a necessarily all too succinct summary of the record reveals the following: Summoned from Warm Springs, Georgia, to become a candidate for Governor in 1928, he found a platform already made, embodying the power policy of his party evolved under the leadership of Governor Alfred E. Smith, who for ten years had opposed private development of the St. Lawrence and advocated public generation but private transmission and distribution of the current; rates to consumers to be fixed by contract between the state and the companies. The Republicans attacked these doctrines as ultra radical. Roosevelt defended them, was elected and took office January 1, 1929, faced by a hostile Republican Legislature. Public opinion at that time about paralleled Governor Smith's solution of the St.

Lawrence problem. A proposal to add a state transmission system to a state power plant would doubtless have been defeated three to one on referendum.

Roosevelt got into the power fight, then, not as a theorist, but as an executive confronted by a practical but difficult situation. A few weeks after inauguration he sent a message to the Legislature urging immediate action; in it he proposed a St. Lawrence Development Commission. A suggested bill was attached, in which *for the first time* the conditions on which private companies would be permitted to sell state current were laid down. They were: a fair profit, not to exceed 8 percent, upon "actual cash" prudently invested in the companies' transmission and distributing systems, with the right of the state to investigate and determine the amount of said cash. He warned if companies would not comply with these terms, then the state would be compelled to build transmission lines to guarantee the objective of the enterprise—actual cheap rates, especially to domestic, farm and small industrial consumers.

Here is a definite espousal of the prudent-investment theory of valuation, which excludes stock watering. The Governor also holds that franchise values and water rights should not be capitalized by private concerns. In his St. Paul speech last April he went further and demanded a federal law to control security issues of interstate holding companies, now outside state jurisdictions and wholly unregulated.

After a year's delay the Legislature created a development commission for the St. Lawrence project. Its majority report recommended a state generating plant with private transmission and distribution, *but not the alternative right of state transmission*; also a State Power Authority of five members to build the plant. But construction could not begin until it had first contracted for the sale of power sufficient to finance bond issues and other expenses. A bill was passed embodying these provisions.

The Governor could either veto this bill, thus ensuring further delay, or sign it and trust to the future. He signed. Expected to continue the Development Commission in control of the project, he refused because he was not satisfied with its attitude, and appointed five tested liberals whose ability and records of trustworthiness in the public interest were beyond question.

This Power Authority could not negotiate or even adequately discuss sale of power with private executives until the production cost of current be determined. One type of dam construction would ensure a bus-bar cost of around \$9 per horsepower year. Another type would raise the cost to \$16. A prime factor also was the amount New York State would have to pay as its share of the cost of the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Waterway. All this depended upon a treaty between the United States and Canada. Efforts to ascertain the terms

of the treaty under negotiation and to permit New York proper representation were unavailing, despite repeated attempts by Governor Roosevelt and the Power Authority. The President's rebuff to the Governor just prior to the signing of the treaty is of recent history. Secrecy aroused suspicion and the Senate ordered an investigation. Necessarily the Power Authority has been held up by this treaty business for over a year. However, other valuable work has been done.

On March 25, 1929, Roosevelt in a special message demanded and obtained from the Legislature a "nonpartisan commission to make a thorough investigation of the whole subject of the public-utility field." It was to ascertain how regulation was working out. The Legislature appointed six of its own members and permitted Roosevelt to appoint three. Even the legislators found conditions far from satisfactory. The minority report of the Roosevelt appointees is an arsenal of facts showing how regulation has been thwarted. New laws strengthening regulation have resulted. In the midst of the inquiry Chairman Prendergast, for ten years head of the state public-service commission, resigned. Roosevelt appointed Milo R. Maltbie, a publicly minded consulting engineer. Since then the commission has functioned more as a public agency than as an adjunct of the utilities combine.

Roosevelt, however, has repeatedly warned the people not to expect too much from regulatory commissions both because of the interference of utilities in politics and because such commissions are frequently rendered powerless by federal judges interfering in state affairs, a practice the Governor condemns. He holds the competitive force of public plants to be the most effective regulator of private rates. To that end he urged last March a bill giving absolute municipal home rule in utility matters, with power to build or buy and operate public plants upon popular vote. No "certificate of necessity" from the state commission is to be necessary to take such action and no regulation is allowed thereafter. He also urged a bill for the right of municipalities and farm communities to form "power districts." These bills have not passed, but when they are passed the municipalities and farms will be in legal position to purchase current from state transmission lines if it becomes necessary to build them to obtain cheap rates.

Looking ahead, what support would Roosevelt, if elected President, have from his party in Congress? For years a minority of the Democrats in both houses, beholden to local power-trust political machines, have supported the pro-power-trust policies of the reactionary Republican wing. But for this aid the Coolidgites and the Hooverites would have failed because of the progressive Republicans. We may expect these power-trust Democrats to oppose the extension of Roosevelt's liberal policies in the field of national legislation and administration. Such hostility will be subdued considerably

by the force of public opinion now rapidly awakening to the significance of the power issue in our national life.

The very nomination of Roosevelt is evidence of the strength of this awakening. I spent days at the Chicago convention talking with the rank and file of delegates, fresh from the people, to ascertain if they were aware of the power question in the large and in particular the game being played by the utility interests and bankers to deadlock the convention and force a compromise candidate acceptable to them—preferably Newton D. Baker. I found they were. Repeatedly delegates volunteered, "This is a power fight at bottom." When, after the third ballot, a deadlock seemed imminent and the delegates were showered with telegrams from over the nation urging Baker, the reaction was amusing. Several said to me, "That stunt must have cost the power trust thousands of dollars." It fell flat. The nomination was not a political "deal" of the old-fashioned sort, but the triumph of the fighting spirit of a large majority of the convention itself, expressive of the angry discontent of the folks back home. It was this resentment, widespread, which defeated the Wall Street boys in their attempt to manipulate the convention through the two-thirds rule.

In writing the platform the conservatives were more successful on the whole, but even here is a plank calling for federal regulation of interstate holding and transmission companies. There is a declaration for "The conservation, development and use of the nation's water power in the public interest," which clearly may mean public ownership and operation where private rates are excessive. The Chicago output fairly represents the sectionalism, selfish politics, class conflicts, resentfulness against monopoly and financial plundering, economic bewilderment and clash of ideas over causes and remedies which characterize 90 percent of the American people today. It was Democracy muddling through, with one fixed idea, however—it would not be run by Wall Street. It was a fight, not between the "Blacks" and the "Reds," but between the "Blacks" and the "Blues," and the "Blues" won.

Summing up: We may as a minimum on the basis of his past record expect the election of Roosevelt to result in such things as the passage of the Norris Muscle Shoals Bill and the appointment of a friendly board to administer it; a Federal Power Commission which will enforce the Federal Water Power Act; a law regulating interstate holding companies and transmission of interstate current; completion of the all-important investigation of the power trust by the Federal Trade Commission and a final report which will make financial, political and social history. Finally, a President who will not be the chief spokesman of the utility combine, but who will, now and then at least, say something on the people's side of these vital problems.

JUDSON KING.

Washington Notes

*Sectional Campaigning—The Winning of the West
—Who Will Get California?—Hoover's
Barrage—Playing Dry*

AS THE campaign swings into September its sectional flavor becomes more and more apparent. Both Mr. Hoover and Governor Roosevelt are, of course, making their appeal to the country as a whole, but the practical managers of their respective campaigns are beginning to do their figuring in terms of electoral votes instead of popular sentiment. It is quite as clear that Roosevelt's strength is in the West as that the Republican prospects are better in the East. There is no space here to dwell upon the reasons thereof, but the indubitable fact remains.

It is, however, perfectly plain to the political mathematicians that the election cannot be won wholly in the East or wholly in the West. The candidate who carries the West must have at least one sizable Eastern state to make up the 266 total necessary to a choice by the electoral college. It is equally true that the carrying of every state east of the Mississippi is not enough without a few states on the other side. I am eliminating the South wholly from this argument for the reason that it will this time be solidly Democratic and is thus recognized in all calculations by both sides. Obviously, the intelligent political thing for each party to do is make its real fight in the section where it is strongest, picking out in the other section, for concentration, one or two states in which it has the best chance, and letting the rest go.

The Democratic plans do not appear to be sufficiently advanced as yet for them to select their states. There are several reasons for this delay. One is, of course, the Walker case, which has absorbed so much of Roosevelt's time that he has been unable to make a general survey of the situation. The second reason is the extreme difficulty of getting money. The reality of this trouble has since been borne out by the open admission of the Roosevelt management that collections amounted to practically nothing. Still another has been the belief of some of his advisers that he could appeal with equal force to both the business interests of the East and the progressives of the West.

It should be plain now that this appeal cannot be made and that the time has arrived to make a choice. It is not only perfectly clear that the weighty influence of the New York financial interests is again behind the Republican ticket, but that the influence is reflected, as it always is, in a similar attitude by the banks and big business leaders in Chicago, Cleveland and other large Eastern cities. It is true that a good many of these men have no liking for Mr. Hoover and wish very much they were not compelled to support him. Nevertheless, they fear the Roosevelt-Garner combination more than they dislike Hoover and Curtis, and there is no longer any uncertainty about where they are. Actually there never was, though some of them talked in a way to create an impression of open-mindedness until Roosevelt made his Columbus speech. That utterance, with the concrete proposals for the regulation of the Stock Exchange and the separation of com-

mercial and investment banking, gave them the excuse they needed, and the Democratic candidate is now branded as "unsafe" by Wall Street.

If this were all, there would be no cause for the Democrats to be apprehensive about the East. It is, however, supplemented in New York by the still recalcitrant attitude of Smith, by the fact that a considerable part of his following is out of line, and by the resentment which the removal of Walker will create among certain elements. I have always believed that Walker's removal will strengthen the Governor rather than weaken him in the country at large, but it is bound to do him a certain amount of damage in New York. This is reflected in the betting odds of eight to five that Hoover will carry New York—which of course means the New York group of states. These are the facts which the Roosevelt managers have got to face. Their real hope in this campaign is in the surprising Roosevelt strength in heretofore strongly Republican states in the West. Their job is to supplement that section with one pivotal state in the East. Indiana would do the trick, and I hear that the Democratic chances there are better than in Illinois or Ohio.

Of course it may be possible for Roosevelt to ride to victory on the anti-Hoover sentiment, but if he is wise he will not rely too much on that. The bulk of the press is Republican. The whole Republican machine is at work in an effort to convince the country that the depression is over and slow recovery a certain thing unless it is set back by a switch in administrative management at Washington. The risk of a change is to be the real keynote of the rest of the Republican campaign. The potency of the Republican party along these lines has been so often proved in the past that it should not now be discounted.

A scattered campaign by the Democrats in an effort to carry all sections would be to play the Republican game. What they must do is to waste neither time nor money on the states where the set-up is against them. This is the Republican strategy. The whole of the Hoover fight is to be in the East. It is planned to disregard the South, and to pay little attention to the border states of Kentucky and Missouri, which were carried last time by Hoover, but where at present the tide is strongly against him.

As for the West, the Republicans have picked their state—California. They will concentrate on it. It is the one Western state they cannot afford to let Roosevelt carry. It is Hoover's home. It has the largest electoral vote of any state the other side of the Mississippi. Though the Republicans still have a registration majority of 435,000, the Democratic gain was 129 percent and the Democratic hopes are high.

California might easily elect Roosevelt without the New York group. The Republicans figure that without California he cannot be elected if they can hold the East, no matter how much else of the West breaks away. Hence, California will be the Western battle ground so far as the Republicans are concerned. Money will be sent there. The big guns of the Cabinet will be fired in California. The state will be drenched with Hoover literature and nothing will be left undone. Say what you will about these stolid Republican politicians who run headquarters, they know that Presidents are elected by electoral votes and not by

popular majorities. In their unimaginative, heavy-handed way they are an effective lot in a campaign, because they are so exceedingly practical.

So far as the general situation is concerned, my feeling is that Roosevelt has considerably improved his chances in many states by his recent speeches. One evidence of this is the heat they aroused in the inner Hoover circle here in Washington. For example, there was a general barrage leveled at the Columbus speech. Stimson, Moses, Snell and Capper rushed into print simultaneously with counter-attacks, all of which I have reason to believe were directed by the Great Engineer himself from the fastness of his Rapidan camp. I am told that Mr. Hoover has recently become convinced that the previous administration policy of preserving a dignified and hurt silence under Democratic assault is not effective and that from now on the Democratic candidate will be promptly answered every time he makes a point. Moreover, the word comes to me that Mr. Hoover himself will make at least three speeches—one in September in New York, and two in October, one in Chicago and one in Iowa.

In the meantime, the Republican propaganda will be devoted to inculcating the belief that the worst is over and we are on our way to recovery. If in October the price of wheat goes up, the more astute among Hoover's advisers are convinced that the Democratic chances will disappear in mist. Perhaps so, and perhaps not. That has been the history of the past, but this time there are factors which have not entered previous campaigns, and I know of no well posted politician who feels sure of the outcome. For a while after Hoover's speech of acceptance the Republicans were vastly cheered, but their joy was greatly diminished by the prohibition stand taken by his running mate, Mr. Curtis, in his speech at Topeka. That once more revived interest in the liquor issue, gave the Democrats an advantage with the real Wets and opened the door for a reiteration of the straddle charge. The Republicans still believe they have out-smarted the opposition on this question and there is some ground for this feeling. They apparently have retained the support of the Drys and reduced the bolting of the Republican Wets to the minimum.

The Democratic plan is for Roosevelt to devote one real speech to prohibition and then drop it. The speech will probably be made at Sea Girt, before this article appears; certainly it will be made before his Western tour. On that trip, Roosevelt's idea is to assail Hoover. This, he is informed, is what they want in the West and this, his intimates say, is what he proposes to give them. There will, I think, be no little bitterness in the campaign before the finish. Of course each side has its secret sorrows other than those of money. The Democrats are worried lest Smith go through to the last without saying a word in favor of the candidates themselves, speaking only for "the party." A similar apprehension is felt by the Hoover council concerning the good Calvin. What they fear is a speech from Mr. Coolidge which, by avoiding mention of Hoover personally, as he avoided it in his Saturday Evening Post article, will do more harm than good. It is interesting that the two candidates should have a cross to bear almost identical in weight, shape and size.

Washington.

T. R. B.

Deep South Notes

VI: At Sheltered Valley

MELANCHOLY of sorts descends upon me today, for this stay at Sheltered Valley with my old cousin will be my last in the Deep South, and then, pleasant enough, New York again. I have been doing the human thing, wandering about the garden, thinking of the richness of friendship and affection and the variety of our life, with a touch thrown in for my own private memories and fresh hopes. The house itself is low and rambling, built in Spanish times. It started as three rooms with galleries at each end. As years passed and the family grew, perhaps, more was added; there are fourteen rooms now and galleries all round, though the place remains only lost and beloved. The garden, once not without its ambition of formality and its faith in the verdant spring, is drifted long ago into a little wood, as it were, of magnolias, cedars, crêpe myrtles and camellias, with lush grass here and there as God wills. As for spring that is past. Here in the late, late summer, autumn has started. I find myself thinking of a passage in Miss Ellen Glasgow's beautiful new book:

So still were the gauzy shadows and the faint sunshine that the drift of autumn seemed to be less a stir in the air than a part of the tranquil spinning of earth. Over the whole garden there was the powdery haze . . . so motionless that it might have been painted, yet as perishable as the bloom on a grape. Even the pale yellow leaves of the sycamore fell slowly, without turning, without rustle, as if they also were created by an illusion.

Whether it was the title or my recollection of pleasures in reading Miss Glasgow's last book, or what, who knows? At any rate I lay awake upstairs last night to the small hours, in the bed that would hold six of us, reading "The Sheltered Life" to the end, then over again the pages I had turned down, and then once again most of the part of the book called "The Deep Past," in which this best seller, Book of the Month, Book League author, less understood than any of our well known novelists, sets forth as I have not seen her do before the deepest meaning of her mind. The novel before this was very different. "They Stooped to Folly" was crowded with the incidents of those three ladies who stooped and the varying accent, through their three generations, on their folly; it was stuffed with wit, and the glitter of the manner misled many readers as to the serious base of it. It achieved one triumph that I have never heard mentioned or read in print: the creation of a good and wholly beautiful woman, perfection as it were, who does not stir people, who, by some miraculous illogic, does not hold life to her. But the smooth sliding Mincius and crown of vocal reeds that the style proffered us was in its way somewhat masking. It was sometimes opaque with regard to the inner authority of the writing.

"The Sheltered Life" is told with less of what might be called affability, an affability that in Miss Glasgow's case is a combination of wit, a certain high, delicate reserve, unwilling, almost inherently unable, to make a public lay-out of the full meaning, and a fine courtesy that assumes in us an intelligence that knows when more is meant than the

eye meets. The new book commands from the writer's self a more definite insistence on the content desired. There is, accordingly, in it, most of all in that section of the old man's deep past, a certain sadness of knowledge; but it is not a sad book. For that there is too much exercise of understanding—and the exercise of any faculty is a form of exhilaration—too much movement toward finality. And, though there is a curious, bright-edged clarity, functioning as if by nature's light, it is not cynical. From this gift for witty semblances and a protecting mask of brilliance and apparent ease—an ease and facility gaily or sternly summoned before she enters the presence of others—from this profound understanding and openness to truth, derives an underlying melancholy in Miss Glasgow's work. For a mind and temperament like this is too final and clear to overstress its message or drag out explanation, too sincere and passionate to wheedle, too distinguished to solicit a solemn, preachy attentiveness, and too well bred to exhibit the least suspicion of what must sometimes be a despair of being fully apprehended.

But if last night I slipped up to my room and took out "The Sheltered Life" with any idea of its being Southern—a pardonable platitude on my part, hankering for the apropos in the midst of this quiet, fragrance and old story at my cousin's house—if I said to myself I will read a Southern book in this Southern setting, I was headed for a fall. "The Sheltered Life" is not about the South at all. It is set in some Virginia town, which is the sort of community the author is at home in; and some of the traits and habits shown can be called Southern, if you choose, though they are mostly found all over the United States and out of it, among people of a certain class or, rather, who live on a certain plane. About the most you can say on this point is that these ways and traits, likely to be found anywhere besides the South, are at least not denied there. So much for me and my sentiment, then, getting badly left!

The old man, left behind by the years, is the real protagonist of the book; and all Ellen Glasgow's ultimate feeling about life is put into him. He represents the tragedy, wherever it appears, of the civilized man in a world that is not civilized. He has nothing to do with the Southern-colonel theme or anything like it, though he was in the Civil War—for that matter he had once lived on the Continent and in England and had fallen in love there with a married woman, who, because of a sick child, failed him in their planned elopement and in the end took her own life, "lost, vanished, destroyed by the fear for which he had loved her in the beginning!" As for the rest, the people all mean well, even the worst of them; they are not judged by the author with any laid-on precept and theory, but in the course given them; assigned to each of them is his judging destiny, exactly as to every actor in a drama, to use Plotinus' figure, is assigned his robe and crown, like a singer in a song. Even Mrs. Birdsong, the beauty, whom some may take as the central figure of the book, though she is by no means so, is not merely the Southern-belle theme. She is the symbol of the beauty motive in the Edwardian-Langtry epoch; and she flourished even more opulently in London, in the flesh and as the fashionable ideal, during that age of the beauty.

Even the title misled me, as I looked at it, settling comfortably into my pillows. "The Sheltered Life" might have

meant something Southern, with a hint in it of Miss Glasgow's familiar irony, but it also turns out not to be Southern at all. The irony in it is profounder still and is not without its poignancy as well. This title implies no age or place. It implies the effort of one human being to stand between another and life. The tragedy in the story, a tragic crux that is long since age old, results from this fruitless endeavor and necessity to bend and shape the lives of the persons we love, not from selfishness alone—a far more superficial theme than Miss Glasgow's—but from the way personalities impinge on one another with the best motives or no motives, or from the sheer oneness of all human life together. Mrs. Birdsong demands of George, her husband, who worships her, a fidelity impossible to his nature, which takes him to other women at times, the mulatto woman Memoria, the public women of the streets and finally to the young girl in love with him, the old general's granddaughter. Her husband demands of Mrs. Birdsong the ideal she means to him; the girl herself, with that strange fatality of "vague wildness" and young, innocent desire, demands whatever it is she wants of George, of life, meaning all the time not "anything in the world." So they go, all with no intention to hurt another. And in a wider sense the same tragedy is being repeated out in the world. The World War was beginning and men were killing each other from the highest possible ideals. This is the final scope of the book's theme. The old man, his point of view, his thwarted strong body, saw the age pass him by. Not in the South especially, it was over the world that ideas, forms, were changing, the familiar order going, the beliefs and certainties. The shelter for men's lives, of religion, convention, social prejudice, was at the crumbling point, just as was the case with the little human figures in the story.

There are many grave and superb motives lying in a mere clause. "Having lived his little hour of mortality, he had ceased to fear any form, he had ceased to fear any formlessness, of the Absolute." "... the age was drifting ... the world was flattening around him. Beauty, like passion, would decline to the level of mediocrity. With the lost sense of glory, the power of personality would change and decay." "... we lack moral indignation. Not moral hysteria, which springs from cruelty, but sober indignation." "What the world needed, it appeared, was the lost emblem of evil." The young "confuse sensation with happiness." "... the secret wisdom, which she obeyed without understanding." "... the habit of being disappointed in love ... one of the very hardest habits to break." "I am thankful that age has closed, like the shell of a clam, over my nobler impulses. I can't fight for lost causes, I can scarcely condemn successful causes, any longer." Nothing in his experience "had astonished him more than the height that human nature sometimes attains without a solid foundation. A character like granite, he had observed, may prove as unprofitable to virtue as a succession of fine impulses. For it was true that character became warped as frequently as impulses ran wild." "... in some strange way, known only to religion and lust, the shadow of death or the substance of scandal worked, temporarily at least, a miracle of reform." He told himself that her head had "the pure outline of legend." He knew "in training the young idea, moral precept is less inflammable than historic example." These are for the most part thoughts given to the

old man. There are modern themes, too, though they are seen as parts of life, seen with the suspicion that the whole is greater than any one part, but not seen as adolescent inspiration or expressed in short broken sentences, hot and flat, and joyous with revolution. It may even be Miss Glasgow's misfortune that the more gaseous, muscilaginous and so on details of food, sex and so on are not written down in her lines, though it seems to me she understands their right place in a living scheme. She is one of our few writers to possess at the same time knowledge, boldness, taste, and a civilized scale.

It is in old General Archbald, the pivotal character, that the high motive in "The Sheltered Life" appears, the motive of pity. In him are the usual old-age motives, as a matter of course, but it is the pity motive that makes him uniquely imagined, so far as I know, among novels. The great classic combination of pity and terror we have no longer with us, for terror, save only in imaginations of power, does not work strongly in our modern life. The pity that Miss Glasgow develops is not the slush sort, social-worker male arresting the horse beater or the lithographic *mater dolorosa* female theme, but a universal attribute fitted in this case to the masculinity of the character. General Archbald, born perhaps for a poet, filled with horror at the slaughter so dear to huntsmen, cultivated, sophisticated, experienced in the range of male living, has never done as he most willed. Married to protect, by the inescapable code of his epoch, a girl's name after an accident that kept them out all night, in despair because of the fact that good women will not "either accept or reject the moral nature of man," halted by his poet's insight showing him what this or that will cost another, he had finally, after the financial disaster of the Civil War, made, as he said, a good living by putting an end to himself. Thwarted in everything nearest to his inner self he had lived, though in no melodrama of regret and broken heart; he had had his happiness, too. "Anguish, he had discovered, was scarcely less brief than joy." All his character is based on imaginative pity; he has always been unable to hurt people or forget their happiness. And at length he has arrived at contemplation, the sense of a happy time still ahead of him, loving those he loved and loving life all the more because they were no longer necessary to him, not any person, not even life. The whole conception of this theme is deep and persuasive, highly adult and finely written.

Up in my room again at Sheltered Valley I sit down at my window looking out over the garden, where the last body of summer waits, motionless, still, definite as someone walking there. I take up Miss Glasgow's book again, where the old man sits thinking of his life. It has been a fair life, nothing that he wanted, but everything that was good for him. Few men at eighty-three were able to look back upon so firm and rich a past, upon so smooth and variegated a surface. A surface! Yes, that, he realized now, was the flaw in the structure. Except for that one defeated passion in his youth, he had lived entirely upon the shifting surface of facts. He had been a good citizen, a successful lawyer, a faithful husband, an indulgent father; he had been, indeed, everything but himself. Always he had fallen into the right pattern; but the center of the pattern was missing. Once again, the old heartbreaking question returned. Why and what is human personality?

An immortal essence? A light that is never blown out?
Or a breath, a murmur, the rhythm of molecular changes,
scarcely more than the roving whisper of wind in the tree-
tops.

STARK YOUNG.

New World

The following sketch contributed by a junior at George Washington University received honorable mention in The New Republic college writing contest.—THE EDITORS.

I WAS in the fifth grade in a large city school. My teacher was a very old lady, who walked with her feet pointing out. Everyone called her Granny Garrigan. She was very nice to us, and we had a good time in her room. I was one of her "pets"; I erased the boards and ran errands for her. She was puzzled by my work. She said I was smart enough, but I didn't seem to learn. I felt badly to have her scold me. I learned the things in books quickly enough, but I hated to have work put on the board for us to copy and study. It was a squirm of white lines to me; sometimes I couldn't even see the white lines, but I didn't say anything about it. I was afraid they would make a fuss; somehow I felt that I was to blame. So I borrowed the other children's notebooks, or asked them what it said on the board.

One day Miss Garrigan gave me a card and told me to go to the nurse's room. I trotted down the hall, full of importance. The nurse's room was long and narrow, with yellow walls that the sun glowed on. There was one window, at the narrow end opposite the door. I gave my card to the nurse and stood looking out of the window. The tree branches were heavy and dazzlingly green; everything outside was green and bright and hot. A fat man and the nurse were talking. The nurse called him Doctor. The fat man put his hand on my shoulder and stooped over to look in my eyes. I looked at him, but I liked the warm light outside better. He said, "What kind of bird is that on the telephone wire?" Outside the window was a green mass of light and shadow. I said, "What bird?" The doctor straightened up quickly and said, "My God, the child can't see that bird!" I was shocked to hear him swear.

There were some other people in the room, then. The doctor and the nurse and the people were talking. I felt sure it was about me, and I felt very important because they were all looking so serious. It was a delightful sensation.

Some time after that, I don't know how long, my father took me downtown. We went into a shop. The man who owned the shop talked with my father. I think I must have been there before, but I don't remember. I wandered about, gazing at crystals, spectacle frames and pieces of colored glass. There was a glass eye in a case. I enjoyed that. I looked out of the window, too. The street was gray. The lawn before the bank across the street was green. The bank was gray, like the street.

The man slipped some glasses before my eyes. The street leaped toward me. It was no longer gray. There were black telephone poles, and across the street, on the bank lawn, a shaggy yellow collie and a white dog were bounding and playing. I gazed at them in amazement. I hadn't

even seen them before. The world was suddenly full of things.

All the way home I looked and looked. Buildings had sharp corners on them, and birds hopped in trees. In a second-story window, a girl peered out. I walked along silently, by my father, and looked at the world.

HELEN G. KELLY.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Ishii Doctrine and the Far East

SIR: The New Republic of July 6 editorially suggested, with reason, the stabilization of Japan's population, and, also, that "we have had repeated indications in recent weeks that the present rulers of Japan are in an aggressively chauvinistic mood. The latest evidence came in a speech, of ominous implications, made by Viscount Ishii at a recent dinner of welcome to Ambassador Grew. Viscount Ishii, in what was obviously a carefully prepared and officially sponsored address, virtually set up a Japanese Monroe Doctrine for the Far East."

Viscount Ishii merely prescribed for the Far East what James Monroe proclaimed for the western hemisphere one hundred and nine years ago. If the "Ishii doctrine" be called an evidence of the "aggressively chauvinistic mood" of the present rulers of Japan, it must be conceded that they only imitated America's rulers of 1823 in aggressive chauvinism.

When the Kellogg Pact was being ratified, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee reported:

Each nation is free at all times, and regardless of the treaty provisions, to defend itself, and is the sole judge of what constitutes the right of self-defense and the necessity and the extent of the same. The United States regards the Monroe Doctrine as a part of its national security and defense. Under the right of self-defense allowed by the treaty must necessarily be included the right to maintain the Monroe Doctrine, which is a part of our system of national defense.

It is imperative that the "Ishii Doctrine" for the Far East be sustained and upheld by all means, if the Monroe Doctrine is to retain its prestige for the western hemisphere. Each one of these doctrines is inspired by one and the same *leitmotif*—a system of national defense. Exit the rule of jingoism and chauvinism when the two systems are balanced into a happy equilibrium. The "Ishii Doctrine" shall be the eternal light to direct the destiny of the Far East. It has indeed been woven into the fabric of international life, secure and firm, not to be ever subverted by the lapse of time or the change of circumstances.

New York City.

YUJI YAMAZAKI.

[Mr. Yamazaki evidently has not read The New Republic. If he had, he would know that the editors object to the American Monroe Doctrine quite as emphatically as they do to the Japanese equivalent, though noting that in recent times the American policy has been much modified for the better and that not for many years, if ever, has it been the occasion for such conduct as that of the Japanese in Manchuria and at Shanghai. We might add that we object to Japanese jingoes almost as much as we do to their American opposite numbers.—THE EDITORS.]

Evangelical Socialism

SIR: It might, superficially, appear that Josephson's portrait of Norman Thomas [The New Republic, August 10] has performed unwitting service to the "enraptured socialist"; The New Republic, at all events, shrewdly continues to utilize a most convenient peg for display of a campaign bunting that figures the noble, immaculate features of its "protest" candidate. But to one wavering observer who is not entirely convinced of the historical import a ballot for Foster may bear, the egregious protesting of the Thomas acolytes mounts an arpeggio of strident, when not profane, catcalls. I find wholesome relief in reinspecting the Josephson article; its clarity and restrained candor seem all the more relevant to basic issues which his detractors have smoke-screened with their surface fulminations. Your assorted corre-

spondents, nettled by the dramatics of Josephson's spotlight finale, have either spat sly invective or sought to impugn his analysis by mild praise of its literary merit. Blanshard's charge of "oversimplification and overemphasis" may be promptly conceded and justified: a technique, in short, that removes the setting to expose a gem—or counterfeit.

No one familiar with Thomas' career can doubt his sincerity; but evidence is ample to suspect that American Socialism, in actual purpose and method, grows hourly more evangelical, inspirational, ineffectual: these qualities, indeed, it evolved as adaptive means of survival in this heretofore alien environment. It was the particular merit of Josephson's article to examine the cultural antecedents of the party, as apparent ("oversimplified") in its present Messiah.

The candle of Norman Thomas, gentleman reformer, may indeed throw a far beam in a naughty world; but for compelling social reconstruction we require more than a transient guiding light. Not through fervent precept, example, or apostolic persuasion can we rout the "main enemy." Apologists for Thomas are jeopardizing their candidate; they add momentum to the special appeal of Communist tactics: projectile obstinacy of aim, preferable emotionally to the popgun polemics of Pauline socialism.

Newtonville, Mass.

JEROME CUTTING.

There's Some Hope for Intellectuals

SIR: In his review of my "Rebels and Renegades," Mr. Schneider, with the best of intentions to give a fair presentation of my point of view, imputed to me opinions which went distressingly far beyond what I intended to convey. It may be partly my fault. In spite of its outward form of a collection of biographies, my book was more concerned with class interests and class psychology, than with motives of individuals. "Economic motives—the search for office, income and power," to quote Mr. Schneider's words, I accept as the determining factor in the activities of the bulk of the malcontent intellectuals, semi-intellectuals and self-taught ex-workers who so far have always made their own group or class interests prevail in the conduct of the various radical movements headed by them. Yet I would be guilty not only of "oversimplifying the situation" but of presenting an altogether hopeless picture, outright anti-revolutionary in its implications, if I were to assume that it was impossible for *individuals* to rise above the purely economic motive of jobs and power. There have always been selfless, impersonal paladins like Enrico Malatesta, Karl Liebknecht, Bill Heywood and others who, to quote my own words, were "prompted by an heroic urge to the good fight" and "disregarding their personal and group interests, have found a sublimation for their ambition in glory, consistency, and at times in martyrdom."

New York City.

MAX NOMAD.

Suicide and the Newspapers

SIR: Ask any New York police reporter and he will tell you at least one hundred persons take their lives in the city each month for reasons chiefly economic. And this is conservative enough an estimate. It does not include the numerous persons who merely "disappear," the "bums" shipped to the public morgues and the deaths attributed by the police to natural causes. Nor does it include the unidentified man or woman found dead on some street corner, the probable victim of hunger or exposure.

To the headquarters reporter the terse police slip with its bare announcement that Joseph Miller, age forty-two, was found in his room with a gas jet turned on is a familiar occurrence. If he has given the matter thought he cannot help but observe that he has perused about 1,500 such slips each year since the depression set in. And this number is increasing constantly.

The reporter knows that to his newspaper the now familiar "despondent over failure to obtain employment" has long ceased to contain accepted news value. And so when the suicide has occurred in a poor neighborhood he does not bother to investigate. When he does, he learns the police usually have not taken pains to ascertain the cause of death. For the police, too, have learned now that probably 90 percent of the suicides in the poorer districts are caused by unemployment distress.

The average suicide has become a mere item on the precinct police blotter. . . . Particularly has this disposition toward self-destruction become marked in New York City, where the transient and cosmopolitan nature of its population has transformed suicide into an everyday occurrence.

By this unconcern for a problem which must assume major importance to any thinking person, do our metropolitan newspapers stand indicted. For who will deny that adequate publicity might cause even the less humanistic to question the desirability of an economic order which dignifies the grave as an escape from involuntary misery and starvation?

New York City.

HARRY KERMIT.

The Poet and the World

SIR: I agree with Malcolm Cowley's estimate in the issue of April 27, 1932, of John Dos Passos as novelist, but I wish to disagree with his method of arriving at a distinction between the individualist or art and the collectivist or revolutionary novel. Granted that such a distinction, if it were possible to make, would be valuable, I hold that Mr. Cowley, in making it, has oversimplified the problem. Joyce's "Portrait of the Artist" is a case in point. Does Stephen end in suicide, or does he with courage and conviction set about "creating a new conscience for the race"? The latter is no cowardly esthete's choice; it is not the flight of a harried poet from the world. Beginning from that last speech of Stephen's, Joyce's hero is more likely to plunge toward an affirmation, say communism, than toward an ivory-tower negation, the "incense, patchouli and gin" of the Harvard esthetes. Stephen is as revolutionary in his way as is Dos Passos' Ben Compton. Another instance: Thomas Wolfe's justly praised "Look Homeward, Angel." Eugene Gant, tortured and hounded as he is by the world, comes through at the end with a thundering Nietzschean yes. Eugene is a poet who finds the world good and who triumphs in and through it. There is no cry-baby frustration here. Therefore, I would insist that the poet and the world is not a worked-out theme. Today we are avid of affirmations; yesterday—"The Hill of Dreams" period—we wooed the dying fall.

Johnstown, Pa.

GEORGE B. REEVES.

[Mr. Reeves is right in saying that the problem is more complicated than I made it appear in a review discussing the work of a single novelist. But—it is significant that both "A Portrait of the Artist" and "Look Homeward, Angel" are novels of youth. It's easy for an individualist hero to be bold and determined and affirmative at twenty.—M. C.]

Play Schools for Miners' Children

SIR: The children in five West Virginia mining towns have had fun this summer. Pioneer Youth has come to play with them.

Their fathers are fighting conditions worse than Russian peasants endured under the tsar. They never have enough to eat or to wear. Many of the children cannot go to public school because there is no money for books and shoes. So Pioneer Youth has been giving them a taste of culture and modern education in its play schools, during July and August.

The play schools are in isolated mining camps, about thirty miles up the Kanawha river from Charleston. There is one at Ward, where evicted miners are living in tents; at Holly Grove on Paint Creek, recently devastated by the worst flood in thirty years; at Hugheston, where Union feeling has been broken by scab labor; at Dry Branch, where every man walked out of the mines, in the last strike; and at Eskdale where railroad yards and coal mines combine to make a grimy, crowded, depressing village.

Only volunteer workers are on our staff, thus keeping expenses at a minimum, but even so, money is needed for materials. Books would be welcome, too. The children are starved for things to read. Send contributions to Pioneer Youth of America, 45 Astor Place, New York City. (After October first, 69 Bank Street, New York City.)

AGNES SAILER,

New York City.

Director Southern Summer Play Schools.

American Literature: A Marxian Interpretation

The Liberation of American Literature, by V. F. Calverton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 500 pages. \$3.75.

IF CALVERTON'S book¹ is superior to other recent histories of American literature, this is not because he writes with great distinction or responds with peculiar sensitiveness to literary values. "The Liberation of American Literature" is, as a matter of fact, a slightly dull, somewhat repetitious and very academic volume. Even Dr. Canby writes with more ease and sometimes with greater insight, and Ludwig Lewisohn's "Expression in America" is, by comparison, a masterpiece of style and astute appreciation. But neither Lewisohn nor Canby nor any other historian of our literature, Parrington included, has shown us so clearly why our culture has developed precisely as it has. And if explanation is only one of the critic's tasks, it is undoubtedly the fundamental one. There is good reason why Lewisohn's book is so finished a performance: it is the culminating achievement, so far as our literature is concerned, of the long line of impressionistic critics who for decades have been sharpening their sensibilities in romantic solitude. Calverton, on the other hand, can afford to be crude and incomplete, for he is the pioneer of a new school of criticism that will carry on the work he has begun. If he has given, even in rough outline, a sound account of the cultural development of the nation, that is enough, for it is more than anyone else has done, and he can legitimately leave to the future the completion of the task.

The two principal forces in American culture have been, according to Calverton, colonialism and puritanism. If, on the one hand, the economic inferiority of the colonies fostered a dependence on British culture that persisted long after the achievement of national autonomy, the influence of the Dissenters, on the other, built up a typical petty-bourgeois hostility to art. As a result, there was little literature during the first century after the Pilgrims landed, and what there was was extremely imitative in manner and in its subject matter expressed the natural concern of a theocracy with religion. Only as commerce undermined agriculture and thus destroyed the power of the church could literature escape from its bondage, and even then it did not travel far, since the newly rich bourgeois retained many of the attitudes of the lower-middle class. They were more interested in morality, which was indispensable to trade, than in religion, which had sought to curb trade, and they were not averse to being entertained, but they were scarcely prepared to patronize the arts as the feudal aristocracy had done. In the South conditions were no better. Here also the petty bourgeois were dominant, and at first they were quite as repressive as their northern brethren. In time, with the growth of the great plantations, a sort of pseudo-aristocracy arose but, being traditionless, it developed no literature of its own, and the plantation barons of the South became even more subservient to English opinion than the merchant princes of the North. During the early nineteenth century the energies of the South were absorbed by the need of defending slavery, and the emergence of the suppressed petty bourgeoisie after the Civil War forced the Confederate

states down to the level of New England in the seventeenth century.

The North, on the other hand, was roused to activity by the frontier influence. The frontier made the theory of individualism a reality and thus released the energies of Emerson, Thoreau and Whitman. But the rapid conquest of the frontier by Eastern industrialism put an end to the hopes of the mid-nineteenth century, transforming Mark Twain into a pessimist and making pessimism the dominant mood of the following decades. At the same time, with the nation's achievement of imperial power, the sense of inferiority was at last dispelled and, with the rise of a prosperous upper-middle class, the authority of the old moral tabus was destroyed. Thus American literature was emancipated from its dual bondage, but this emancipation, though it brought a considerable release of creative energy, resulted in no such cultural advance as might have been expected, for the enthrallment of the petty bourgeoisie and the disappearance of individual opportunity turned the hopes of middle-class writers to the ashes of bitter despair. But in the twentieth century the proletariat which, thanks to the promise of the frontier, had always shared the attitudes of the petty bourgeoisie, showed some awareness of its status, its power and its destiny as a class, and in alliance with the class-conscious proletariat a certain number of writers found a basis for courage and vitality.

If it were possible to suggest how fully Calverton has documented this study, how clearly he has shown the relationship between the economic life of the country and the arrangement of the classes, and between the class alignment and the state of culture, it would be easy to defend the assertion that he has done all that could be expected of him. If one goes on, therefore, to criticize the book's shortcomings, it is not with any idea of reproaching the author, but in the hope of giving some aid to critics who may follow in his footsteps. "The Liberation of American Literature" is, as has been pointed out, primarily a history of culture, but it does, of course, concern itself with individual writers, whose interests, aims and achievements it seeks not only to explain, but also to evaluate. In this task of evaluation Calverton is conspicuously weak. He not only gives more space, as in his kind of book is quite proper, to writers who illustrate the tendencies he is describing; he, at least implicitly, assigns to them a greater literary importance than their accomplishments justify. He says, for example, almost nothing of Whitman's faults or of Mark Twain's failure to fulfill, in any single book, the promise of the better passages. On the other hand, he underestimates Melville and one side of Emerson, and pays no attention to Henry James, a fact that his intention of discussing James in a subsequent book scarcely excuses. He misses the importance of Garland's early work, fails to allow for Jack London's muddle-headedness, analyzes Anderson's weakness but scarcely suggests his strength, and overestimates Dreiser as strikingly as he underestimates Lewis. Many of his remarks on particular writers are on the level of journalistic reviewing: "It revealed little skill of structure," he says of "The Man with the Hoe," "and its diction lacked that imaginative quality which is the necessary test of art."

The point at which Calverton is weak is the point at which Marxist criticism, at least in this country, most obviously needs to be strengthened. The cogency of Marxist-Leninist principles as a method of explanation is perfectly apparent, but this is merely the foundation for the critical apparatus that is required. The development of this structure will be brought about, one suspects, less by the elabora-

¹ "The Liberation of American Literature" will not be placed on sale till September 9.

tion of the basic principles according to abstract logic than by a close attention to the attitudes, the problems and the accomplishments of particular writers. Given an understanding of how the attitudes of an individual artist came into existence, and an awareness of the limitations imposed upon him by his environment, the critic must trace for himself the operation of those attitudes as creative forces. He must be able to study the artist's problems as closely and as resolutely as the artist himself, so that he can determine precisely where the sources of weakness lie. Thus he can formulate some conception of what a satisfying treatment of the chosen material would be, at the same time that he realizes why the given work falls short of the ideal he postulates.

The critic cannot do this, it should be pointed out, so long as he makes Calverton's distinction between content and craftsmanship. Without denying that there is a sense in which technique may be isolated and studied for its own sake, one sees that the creative process is essentially a unit and that the more important problems of form are absolutely bound up in the problems of content and attitude. Calverton, it is true, now accepts this view, for in his preface he says, "In a fundamental sense, to be sure, content and form are inseparable." But in his book he fails to put this principle into practice. Under the circumstances it would have been difficult, if not impossible, to do so. What excuses Calverton, however, will not excuse his followers. The task is there and it must be done. Among the many reasons for praising "The Liberation of American Literature" is that it has made the task considerably easier.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

Mr. Justice Holmes

Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes: A Biography, by Silas Bent. New York: The Vanguard Press. 354 pages. \$4.50.

Representative Opinions of Mr. Justice Holmes, arranged with introductory notes by Alfred Lief. New York: The Vanguard Press. 316 pages. \$4.50.

THE BIOGRAPHER of Mr. Justice Holmes is faced by a difficult task. Silas Bent, in his introduction to the present biography, quotes the Justice as saying: "Since 1865 there hasn't been any biographical detail." After his service in the Civil War, his wounds at Ball's Bluff, Antietam and Chancellorsville, he devoted himself to his long career as lawyer, legal historian and judge. There are a few addresses, delivered at a bar dinner or on the occasion of the death of some member of his Court; articles in the law reviews; almost no letters. There are also, fortunately, the opinions, covering almost fifty years on the bench, almost a third of the entire history of his country.

"Representative Opinions of Mr. Justice Holmes" is a companion volume to the "Dissenting Opinions" published in 1930. It will help laymen and lawyers to understand his immense and universally recognized influence on the thought of his time. But Holmes cannot be classified, nor this influence explained, in the terms of his personal convictions. For he was, as Mr. Laski says in his admirable introduction to the "Representative Opinions," "aristocratic, conservative, skeptical." The keynote of his thought Mr. Laski finds in his rejection of "absolute concepts."

Future historians will, I think, agree that this is his essential contribution to law. Impressed with the flow and change of life, doubtful of certainties and formulas, he early recognized that "the life of the law has not been

logic; it has been experience"; and this approach, essentially realistic, made him tolerant. "The truth is," he wrote, "that the law is always approaching, and never reaching, consistency." He was prophetic in the realization that law, like physics or morals, like life, is relative. "Beliefs, so far as they bear upon the attainment of a wish (as most beliefs do), lead in the first place to a social attitude, and later to combined social action, that is, law." Professor Frankfurter said that "Holmes was conscious of the role of the unconscious a generation before Freud began to reorient modern psychology." And Holmes's approach to law is not unlike Einstein's experimental exploration of the physical world; that is what makes him a prophet of our own times, of our contemporary world. And this new method of thinking, now for some years fermenting, is finding today a clear expression in the work, on the bench, of Cardozo and Augustus and Learned Hand and, in the schools, of Frankfurter, Chafee and Powell. It must have an incalculable effect on the future development of American legal thinking, for too many generations static under the influence of Blackstone's sanctified finalities.

Holmes's skepticism, so modern in its refusal to take any idea as the last word, remains always robust. He has no faith, in the narrower sense of the word; but abundant faith in the value of life itself, lived for its own worth. And this was fed by his first great experience, the experience of the Civil War, which became the symbol of something romantic and passionate, below the depth of his thought. He once said he could write all he knew on half a sheet of note paper; but that he would keep the other half so he could write: "I'm not sure." And yet, in a Memorial Day address, speaking of war, he could say: "In this smug, oversafe corner of the world we need it, that we may realize that our comfortable routine is no eternal necessity of things, but merely a little space of calm in the midst of the tempestuous untamed streaming of the world, and in order that we may be ready for danger."

His sense of the historical continuity of the law was strong. He says in the "Common Law"—"and the author of the 'Common Law,'" comments Mr. Laski, "is a very great historian"—"The rational study of the law is still to a large extent the study of history. History must be a part of the study, because without it we cannot know the precise scope of rules which it is our business to know. It is a part of the rational study, because it is the first step toward an enlightened skepticism, that is, toward a deliberate reconsideration of the worth of those rules." With the sense of that continuity in his own life, he liked to tell younger men that his grandmother had told him of her memory of British troops entering Boston during the Revolution.

His restless, questioning mind, fluid yet exact; his humor and his modesty—he said the other day, when asked what he was reading, that he was reading to improve his mind—his quiet way of living and robust health; his singleness of purpose, yet zest for living; his generosity of thought; his wit and incomparable style; these qualities have made it natural for men of different faiths and divergent views to follow and to cherish him.

The earlier chapters in Mr. Bent's biography, particularly the description of Ball's Bluff, Antietam and Chancellorsville, are charming. But when he discusses Justice Holmes's work on the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and later in Washington, the analysis is confused and the touch uncertain. There are unnecessary inaccuracies in the book. It is stated that Mr. Justice Gray wrote the decision in the legal-tender case in 1871. The first legal-

tender cases were decided in 1871. Judge Gray took the oath of office on January 9, 1882, and wrote the opinion referred to in 1884. Chief Justice Fuller is spoken of as two years the junior of Mr. Justice Holmes, though born in 1833. Mr. Justice Brandeis is referred to as having "a Cavalier background," evidently because he was born in Louisville! But such an appreciation is no easy task, and the book, though not pretending to be an authoritative life, gives us a sympathetic, if not very profound, understanding of this great judge.

FRANCIS BIDDLE.

Flint's Recollections

Recollections of the Last Ten Years, by Timothy Flint. Edited with an introduction by C. Hartley Grattan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 400 pages. \$3.50.

TIMOTHY FLINT went into the West in 1815 as a missionary, and dropped (with an appearance of carelessness, he supposed) a little tract called "The Swearer's Prayer" among some rough wagoners on the road to Pittsburgh. But his vocation is not obtrusive in these memoirs. Flint was a born traveler; one suspects that when excuses were lacking for moving from one place to another he invented them. Looking backward over the period from 1815 to 1825 he wrote somewhat in the mood of the contemporary and almost classic "O, boatman, wind that horn again": but even the elegiac touch failed to diminish his eager warmth or his love of wild life, which was that of the poet and the naturalist. He was inordinately fond of the notes of the redbird; he paused over the diminutive green "prairies" in Ohio; he noticed the odor of willow flowers, crushed as he grasped the branches to draw a boat upstream. His deepest passion was for rivers and streams, springs or natural "fountains," as he called them—for all the many aspects of flowing water. He has left the finest descriptions of the Missouri and the Mississippi that remain to us from that time, seen from the near and perilous vantage of flatboat or skiff; and the river patterns of his book were widened by journeys up the Kentucky and along the tortuous Arkansas, the White River and the Red, here with wild scenes. Flint had an aptitude for describing the gaunt and desolate as well as the idyllic.

All this is offered with a clarity, even a spareness, that puts to shame the excesses of a later descriptive style. These waterways were, if one likes, only courses for the wealth of his other observation. He pictured innumerable cities, towns, hamlets in brief outline. Wherever he went he talked habitually with the oldest settlers and gleaned strange personal histories. He had a strong sense of human vagaries; he could easily sum up the character and history of a whole settlement. He noted fashions in immigration, and was equally interested in the exuberant life of the river boatmen and in the saturnalia of the Negroes of New Orleans. His temperate view of slavery as he saw it, with his careful notes on ways of slave living and employment in different sections, remains of great value since his own anti-slavery convictions were fixed. Flint made one of the great American journeys; and his "Recollections," now fortunately accessible for many readers, form an inestimably rich source book, even a group of such books, since he contrived to press so much into his unhurried writing. Few historians have presented so ample and realistic a social view or one so deeply interwoven with quiet poetry.

CONSTANCE ROURKE.

Little Tin Gods

Money for Tomorrow, by W. E. Woodward. New York: Liveright, Inc. 315 pages. \$2.

A TIME like this invites the dethroning of little tin gods, and W. E. Woodward is an ideal paper revolutionist. He has with success played the game called business and from a ringside seat has observed the great acquisitive show. His intimate acquaintance enables him to turn a host of imposing names into a parade of stuffed shirts, and to make of prevailing political creeds jangles of high-sounding but empty phrases. So he sets down in his own direct, vigorous, conversational manner a colorful and impressionistic account of what the economic system is about and how it doesn't work.

The author has at best a skeptical faith in the existing order of things. He sees little hope of "money for tomorrow," at least for most of us, in individualism, either rugged or refined by the arts of trade. He can find no "economic laws" which operate of themselves and must not be blasphemed by the profane obtrusion of the state. To him "finance and credit and the gold standard and supply and demand are as human as" our masters who conjure up a prosperity which is "just around the corner." The captains of industry have converted "our civilization into a competition for cash prizes." The key to current ills is an acquisition built upon acquisition, which turns little values into big ones, or creates claims to wealth out of nothingness. While "money inflation cavorts around, doing stunts," property inflation "sits in a corner on the stage, growing bigger and bigger every minute"; and "unless the curtain comes down in time"—and it never does—"property inflation pops wide open." And that is where we are now. The depression "is the result of the chaotic confusion of our economic arrangements—an enormously dynamic industrial machine running without direction."

But, for all the failures in performance, there is little to be done about it because we lack the emotional resources. Capitalistic thought has evolved "a kind of romanticism" which is its own best protection; for many years "it has lived in a world of make-believe, peopled by glittering phantoms." Its subjects have subsisted upon faith, and oblivion to "the real issues in the background, veiled and dim in outline." Nor can socialism, bolshevism or any alternative scheme of arrangements provide a way of order; they are all too damned realistic and practical. They promise material things, such as shorter hours, more leisure, better living and an end to unemployment, rather than symbols, shibboleths, visions and creeds. Things work, not because they work, but because we think they work; and "men will fight for their dreams" because they "intrinsically prefer unreality to truth."

It is because faith is lacking—in our masters, in the masses of men, in W. E. Woodward—that we cannot have a new order. But the hope must be justified by its remedy; and, like you or me or any good American, the author has one. He would do a little tinkering and fix up the old machine. He discovers Carl Snyder's discovery that national industrial growth goes on at 4 percent per year, and regards it as most momentous. He does not examine into Snyder's assumptions or probe into the bundle of tricks he plays on his data; he does not note that "the great discovery" is a creed of individualism done into the fashionable language of quantitative statement. Instead he proposes to stabilize prices and to expand credit at the rate of 4 percent per year.

But the recipe for "money for tomorrow" must not be

allowed to detract from the value of the book. Reviewers will complain that the volume is Marx brought up to date, Veblen in journalese, Tawney translated into the American language. But they will be wrong; its source is life and experience, and not other books. Woodward has an acquaintance with affairs not possessed by any of the masters; and his chapters are fresh with his own observations. The volume will be read by persons who won't read Marx and Tawney, and can't read Veblen. And, if the philippic is tainted by the evangelism of a way out, this is America and the year of grace nineteen hundred and thirty-two. If we must dethrone little tin gods, others must be elevated to reign in their stead.

WALTON H. HAMILTON.

Elinor Wylie's Poetry

Collected Poems of Elinor Wylie, edited by William Rose Benét. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 311 pages. \$3.50.

THIS COLLECTION of the verse of Elinor Wylie contains her four volumes exactly as they first appeared and, in addition, forty-seven poems that were not printed in her books. Of these, twenty appear in print for the first time. The book is handsomely bound and beautifully printed, and the editing has been done with great propriety by the poet's husband, Mr. William Rose Benét. Mr. Benét's task was difficult; one is grateful for the restraint and simplicity of his brief memoir, and for the lack on his part of any attempt at criticism.

Although Mrs. Wylie died four years ago—in 1928—and the air of faction that inevitably surrounds a famous poet has lifted, it is still difficult to judge her work. She was both facile and versatile. Her first volume, the book of verse "Nets to Catch the Wind," appeared in 1921, when she was thirty-four; in the seven years to 1928 she issued three more volumes of poems and four novels. All this work is uneven, and it is hard to select the best of it just because, from first to last, her technical competence permitted her to absorb so many of the literary and moral influences of her time. And I think this same technical mastery kept her, at moments, from ever quite knowing what was her own impulse and what she had assimilated.

It is this feature of her work that explains her brilliant moments and in the end her lack of style: style is that evenness of tone, and permanence of reference for all perceptions, which comes from a mind that, though it may avoid fixed opinions, has nevertheless a single way of taking hold of its material. And this Mrs. Wylie never had. The poet who could write, in "Hymn to Earth,"

A wingless creature heavier than air
He is rejected of its quintessence;
Coming and going hence,
In the twin minutes of his birth and death,
He may inhale his breath,
As breath relinquish heaven's atmosphere,
Yet in it have no share,
Nor can survive therein
Where its outer edge is filtered pure and thin:
It doth but lend its crystal to his lungs
For his early crying, and his final songs.

—the same poet could write:

O love, how utterly am I bereaved
By Time, who sucks the honey of our days,
Sets sickle to our Aprils, and betrays
To killing winter all the sun achieved! . . .

One of the defects of Mrs. Wylie's work is that the worst poems have much of the superficial merit of the best. The worst have invariably a metrical finish, a technical form, a verbal completeness, that remains hollow inside; the poet did not define her own relation to the material. This is a problem for the poet at all times, but it is now peculiarly the modern problem, and one feels that Mrs. Wylie might have written more solidly in some other age, when the difficulty of self-definition was not so great.

ALLEN TATE.

Freudian Symptomatology

The House that Freud Built, by Joseph Jastrow. New York: Greenberg, Inc. 293 pages. \$2.50.

THE COUNTER-OFFENSIVE against the excesses and absurdities of the Freudian "depth psychology" has been gaining in strength during the past ten years. In this compact, lively volume by Dr. Jastrow the case for the prosecution is very ably, if much too summarily, presented. The author of "Fact and Fable in Psychology" is a veteran in the art of exposing, without animus and with great logical acumen, some of the more notorious traps for the gullible. While honestly respecting the sound core of theory and practice to be found in psychoanalysis, he deals severely with many of the excrescences which make of it an "elaboratio ad absurdum."

The first half of the book is given to a rapid and impartial resumé of the history of this powerful movement. After showing how its origin in psychiatry not only helped to determine its special character as a technique but endowed it with conceptions too freely misapplied from the clinic, Dr. Jastrow proceeds with an account of these conceptions: libido, repression and sublimation (which he considers of definite importance); the complex and its psychosexual etiology; dreams and symptomatic behavior; the Unconscious and those fantastic "cobolds in the cellar," the Id, Ego and Super-ego. These "specifications" of the labyrinthine house of Freud are followed by a very condensed chapter on "Deviations" therefrom, as represented in the work of Jung, Adler and certain "neo-Freudians," including W. H. R. Rivers, Bernard Hart and William McDougall.

It is in the latter, and critical, part of his book that Jastrow shows his skill as a logical fencer. The Freudian argument is met point by point with objections, rebuttals, comparisons and illustrations which not only impose a very heavy burden of proof upon its extravagances in theory, interpretation and therapeutic methods, but do so with a healthy undercurrent of raillery. This is particularly true of the discussion of the "Oedipus complex," of the "oral-erotic" and "anal-erotic" concepts, and of the frequently incredible lengths to which the Freudian psychologists will go in preserving the sanctity of the libido. The word "attributism," coined by Jastrow to indicate the excessive a-priorism of Freudian interpretation, is well chosen and could have many wider applications when it is necessary to distinguish between a genuine hypothesis and a speculative guess.

It is unfortunate that the book lacks an index, thus confirming the more serious reader's suspicions that he has to do with just another "popularization" of a subject which certainly deserves—and could very easily have received—a much fuller, more detailed and thorough treatment at Dr. Jastrow's capable hands.

HAROLD WARD.

Book Notes

ARCHITECTURE

THE FROZEN FOUNTAIN, by Claude Bragdon. *New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 125 pages, illustrated. \$3.75.*

Mr. Bragdon returns, in "The Frozen Fountain," to a restatement of certain esthetic problems suggested, but not thoroughly probed, in "Projective Ornament" and "Architecture and Democracy." This book is intended to provide the architectural draughtsman, and all those professionally interested in the future of American architecture, with the theoretical pattern upon which the skyscrapers of tomorrow should be fashioned. Mr. Bragdon regards the fountain as the unit architectural form in nature, the archetype, so to speak, of all visible images which alone adequately symbolizes the ebb and flow of the life process. Pointing to the Empire State Building as a successful dramatization of this principle of balanced forces, he asks us to compare this frozen fountain, devoid of all ecstasy, with the minarets of St. Sophia, the Taj Mahal, the obelisk of Thebes: here he finds a quality of love which even the best of our architecture conspicuously lacks. Engineering, he adds, is the root, not the flower, of architecture: and functionalism, important as that discovery has been to us, must be married to the beauty of integral ornament.

The second half of this book will be difficult for the layman to follow: it is devoted to an analysis of the mathematical forms that underlie the creation of all architectural and ornamental forms. Such problems as the use of logarithmic spirals, root-rectangles and whirling squares to deduce regulating lines are discussed in detail. It is Mr. Bragdon's opinion that "all good ornament readily submits itself to a simple geometrical synopsis." The value of three-dimensional isometric perspective drawing to the architectural designer is stressed and substantiated by illustrations drawn by the author.

POETRY

SCOTTSBORO, LIMITED: Four Poems and a Play in Verse, by Langston Hughes. *Illustrated with lithographs by Prentiss Taylor. New York: The Golden Stair Press. 20 pages. \$50.*

The verse play in this book grows naturally out of the short chanting poems which precede it. The martyrdom of the Scottsboro boys is here related to the oppression of the Negro masses and to the prophecy of its end in the red brotherhood of Communism. The rapid, short lines give the poem a fine, nervous power; and the fantasy of the conception is kept valid and alive by the vigor and relevancy of the emotion.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES, edited by F. L. Lucas. *Poets in Brief, Vol. II. New York: The Macmillan Company. 172 pages. \$2.*

This selection from the prose and poetry of Thomas Lovell Beddoes is everything that such an anthology should be. It contains a bright and stimulating introduction by the editor, a neat collection of Beddoes' letters and pointed quotations from the complete edition of his "Poetical Works" published in 1928. Mr. Lucas reminds us that an ironic fate has dogged Beddoes' poetry since his death by suicide in 1849. His manuscripts fell into Browning's hands and from Browning passed into the custody of Sir Edmund Gosse; this explains the tardy appearance of the definitive edition. Surely these two Victorians were not the men to rediscover the work of an exotic, fragmentary poet whose personal reputation recalls the most extravagant legends that are commonly recited concerning Poe, Rimbaud and Verlaine. It is to be hoped that this efficiently edited little book will serve to reestablish Beddoes as an authentic example of Romantic literature at full tide, and encourage a wider appreciation of Beddoes' excellent blank verse.

FICTION

THE RIPENING, by Colette. *New York: Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.*

This is a translation of "Le Blé en Herbe." Philippe and Vinca are adolescent children passing their vacation on the coast of Brittany. They love each other with all the complexity of two little Parisians; "as if in the Oriental fashion, they had been wedded in the cradle." Preoccupied with their sensual awakening,

they regard parents and visitors simply as household shades. A woman of thirty, an epicure of flesh, appears at a neighboring villa and remains long enough to seduce Philippe, arouse Vinca's jealousy and thus, despite herself, unite them. Colette explains that "it is the faculty of heroes, comedians and children to feel at home on a lofty plane. These children were hoping wildly that a noble grief might be born of their love." ... Somehow the book does not fall into its chronological place—after "Mitsou" and "Chéri" and "La Maison de Claudine" (untranslated); it would seem to be earlier writing, yet it is typically pure, surprising and wise.

THE INDIFFERENT ONES, by Alberto Moravia. *Translated by Aida Mastrangelo. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.*

The moral disintegration of a middle-class Italian family, consisting of a widow and her two children, is the central idea of this novel. The "indifferent ones" are the son and daughter, Carla and Michele, both obsessed with the boredom of their life, both without hope of a more pleasant existence. Michele is idle and financially dependent on a mother whose hypocrisies disgust him. Carla's immediate predicament is even more difficult. At the age of twenty-four she is still unmarried and, because her mother flaunts a lover, she faces the penalty of spinsterhood. Desperate for "a new life," she allows herself to be seduced by her mother's lover—only to realize that she has merely accentuated her present problems. Though a less convincing character, Michele is a more interesting study. Apparently devoid of any stock emotions, he is incapable of affection for his sister or his mother, or hate for Leo Meremuci, the seducer of both. In an effort to overcome this indifference, he forces himself to act against his inclinations and commit the emotional indiscretions custom expects of him. "You must act sincerely, to be able to live and to change," he tells himself; nevertheless, he attempts to murder Meremuci, and plans to seduce a woman for whom he has no passion. The author, Alberto Moravia, is a talented young man of twenty-five who has profited by reading Marcel Proust. This first novel is compact, dramatic, interesting in itself and promising for the future—though at times the psychological formulas of the novelist interfere with the development of his characters. The translator's English style is a little awkward.

Contributors

- ROSE M. STEIN, who for a number of years was connected with a real-estate-bond firm, is now statistician for the League for Social Justice in Pittsburgh.
- JUDSON KING is Director of the National Popular Government League of Washington, D. C., and has been active in the power fight for several years. He is an independent in politics.
- LEE SIMONSON is a scenic designer who has staged many plays for the Theatre Guild, of which he is a director. The present article is selected from his book, "The Stage Is Set," which will be published in October by Harcourt, Brace.
- HELEN G. KELLY is a junior at George Washington University, where she is working toward an A.B. in education.
- GRANVILLE HICKS, an assistant professor of English at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, is completing a study of the American novel since the Civil War.
- FRANCIS BIDDLE, who was secretary to Mr. Justice Holmes in 1911-12, is the author of a novel, "The Llanfear Pattern," and a frequent contributor of book reviews to various magazines.
- CONSTANCE ROURKE is the author of several volumes of American history and biography, the most recent being "American Humor: A Study of the American Character."
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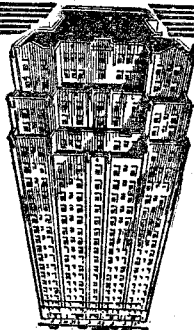
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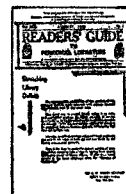
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